

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## POETRY.

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## WAITING.

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder height,  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

## REMEMBERED DAYS.

I REMEMBER a morn behind the mill,  
When blackbirds sang,  
And sheep-bells rang,  
Far off, and all things else were still,  
But the rising bream  
In the pictured stream,  
And the noise of water about the mill.

I remember a maid in her sweet youth,  
Whose gentle days  
In village ways  
Were passed in simple works of truth;  
The summer's day  
Sped fast away  
In a dream of love, in the time of youth.

I remember the spring in garb of green,  
The light heart glee  
That came to me  
With the smile of my love at seventeen;  
Her laugh that went  
Like woodland scent  
To my soul — that time on the daisied green.

And though I know the days are spent,  
That love was lost  
When came the frost  
At summer's close of my content,  
Yet some joy stays  
In winter days,  
And brings its joyous complement.

Chambers' Journal.

## SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad song for me;  
Plant no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress-tree;  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet;  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
I shall not feel the rain,  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on, as if in pain;  
And dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise or set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply I may forget.

CARLOTTA ROSSETTI.

## THEN AND NOW.

HERE is the same old mansion,  
With its quaint moss-covered towers,  
And the summer sunlight sleeping  
On the gleam of the garden flowers;

And the wild dove, far in the fir-wood,  
Cooing in monotone;  
And the stately, silent courtyard,  
With its antique dial-stone.

The swallows have come as of yore, lad,  
From over the sunny sea,  
And the cup of the lily echoes  
To the hum of the wandering bee.

The lark, in its silvery treble,  
Sings up in the deep-blue sky;  
But the house is not as it was, lad,  
In those dear old days gone by.

'Twas here that her garments rustled,  
Like music amidst the flowers;  
And her low, sweet, rippling laughter  
Made richer the rose-wreathed bowers.

But now, in its noontide brightness,  
The place seems cold and dead;  
And it lies like a form of beauty  
When the light of the soul has fled.

All hushed is each lonely chamber,  
That echoed to songs of old;  
The chairs are now all vacant,  
And the hearths are dark and cold.

Yet the joys I had here of yore, lad,  
No heart but my own can know;  
And the glimpses of heaven she gave me  
In this dear home long ago.

But they went one eve, when she left me,  
Mid the balm of the summer air;  
There's a grave far over the hills, lad —  
The home of my heart is there.

Tinsley's Magazine. ALEXANDER LAMONT.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
MILLBANK PENITENTIARY.\*

THE Londoners will be sorry to lose Millbank. For so many years that strange cross between a star fort and a mediæval castle has seemed to belong to the river landscape. Men will miss it from their Chelsea boats; and now that the river-boats are to be improved (as they said some time ago the cabs were to be), there will be more to miss it than heretofore. It is a peculiarity of our times that a thing very soon becomes classical. The penitentiary began to be used a year after the battle of Waterloo; the act (Howard's act it may be called) "for the establishment of penitentiary houses," which led to its erection, is not quite a century old. Yet City clerks, as they pass the gloomy pile on their way from office, always think, with a half shudder, of the French Revolution. Millbank is their Bastille, their great and little Châtelet, their Abbaye, all in one. The halo of ages is round that "crown of towers;" and when it is all done away with, and Cubitopolis has stretched down to the river's edge as it does at Grosvenor Pier; when streets and squares and a fine new church cover the prison ground—the neighborhood will fancy it has lost something almost as ancient as the Tower. Millbank is doomed. Last year, about Wormwood Scrubs, might be noticed some big wooden sheds, shut in by a high wooden paling. Those are the convicts' quarters, and the work that is going on is the new prison—to be built, as most work of the kind lately has been, by prisoners themselves. At last, "the Chelsea philosopher" has got his wish. We do not pet our Uriah Heeps now; we make them at once keep down the taxes and keep in one another. One reads with great satisfaction the statement by Capt. Griffiths, historian of Millbank, that "the Devil's Brigade," "the Army of Rascaldom" (for its other titles see "Latter-Day Pamphlets"), has, within the last few years, actually saved us £75,000 in building alone; the work they have done has cost £93,000; the

same work, done by contract, would have cost £168,000. That is something to be proud of; and so, too, is the fact that our system has become so perfected that there, at the Scrubs, within hail of London, rascaldom is lodged almost in the open, and yet there is no attempt to run away, because rascaldom feels at last that authority is too strong for it.

In the good old times convicts did not multiply. It was a struggle for existence with them, a case of survival of the fittest—fittest, *i.e.*, to stand against gaol-fever. Gaols were mostly private ventures; the gaoler was paid out of the fees; and he paid himself by pilfering the wretched rations that scarcely kept body and soul together. Ventilation? Why in those days the wisdom of our legislators had laid on a window-tax. How could a gaoler, anxious to put by every penny he could scrape together, be expected to find windows to the cells? So far from feeling bound to give fresh air to the guilty, he would not even set innocent men at liberty till his fees were paid. The court acquitted you; you were free in the eyes of the law; but back you must go unless you could wipe off the score that he had against you. "A merciless set of men, these gaolers (says Blackstone), steelled against any tender sensation." Sometimes the prisoners had their revenge in a strange fashion. At the "black assize" in Oxford Castle, in 1577, the gaol-fever was so strong that all present died in forty hours—the lord chief baron, the sheriff—some three hundred in all. At Taunton, in 1730, some prisoners from Dorchester gaol so infected the court that Chief Baron Pengelly, Serjeant Sir Jas. Sheppard, the sheriff, and some hundreds more died. Again in 1750, a lord mayor, two judges, an alderman, and many others took the distemper and perished. These were gaol-deliveries with a vengeance; Nature asserting her broken laws, proving that chief barons and sheriffs and such like are of the same flesh and blood as prisoners, and thereby hinting that it was the duty of such notables to look into these things—to see, for instance, that gaolers should be no longer permitted to bind men and women with chains and iron col-

\* *Memorials of Millbank.* By CAPT. C. G. GRIFFITHS, Governor of Millbank Penitentiary, etc., etc. Murray. 1875.

lars if they could not pay for dispensations. It was no chief baron or official personage, but simple John Howard who forced this abomination into public notice, and thereby did so much to remedy it. The Penitentiary Act was his work; he had seen a sort of penitentiary at Ghent, and a good deal of prisoners' labor in Holland. But we never do things in a hurry, so it was a quarter of a century from passing the act to laying the foundation stone of Millbank.

Meanwhile, Jeremy Bentham had come to the front with his "greatest happiness of the greatest number" theory, part of which was "to provide a spectacle such as persons of all classes would in the way of amusement be curious to partake of, and that not only on Sundays at the time of Divine Service, but on ordinary days at meal times or times of work." This "spectacle" was the common gaol, or as he styled it, "Panopticon, or the inspection-house," "an iron cage glazed, with glass lantern as large as Ranelagh, the cells being on the outer circumference." In such a building, he contracted to maintain and employ convicts for £12 a head per annum, he receiving "the produce of their labor," and, by admitting "the public" to the central room whence they could see without being seen, he fancied he should be providing "a System of Superintendence universal, unchangeable, and uninterrupted, the most effectual and indestructible of all securities against abuse." People would throng in for the fun of the thing, just as they do to the monkeys' cage at the Zoological Gardens; and yet this "curiosity and love of amusement, mixed with better and rarer motives," was his chief security against abuse and imperfection in every shape. "A promiscuous assemblage of unknown and therefore unpaid and incorruptible inspectors would cause a sentiment of a sort of invisible omnipresence to pervade the place." But, since "the banquet offered to curiosity will be attractive in proportion to the variety and brilliancy of the scene," the humanitarian philosopher proposed "to light up the Panopticon at night by reflection, and to enable the prisoners, by means of tubes reaching from each cell to the

general centre, to hold conversations with the visitors."

From this sort of half Crystal Palace, half ear of Dionysius, the tower-girdled penitentiary sprang. People were at their wits' ends what to do with prisoners; the American war had stopped one great safety-valve, "the plantations" in Virginia and elsewhere. Bentham offered to do the thing cheaply. His building was to cost only £19,000—and then he promised as grandly as Fourier or St. Simon could have done. The prisoners he undertook to provide with "spiritual and medical assistance;" he promised them constant work when discharged, and even annuities for old age. To the crown he bound himself to pay a fine for every prisoner who escaped, for all who died above the ordinary rate within the bills of mortality, and for every one convicted of a felony after his discharge at a rate increasing according to the time that he had been a happy denizen of the Panopticon.

Strange as it seems, Pitt, Dundas, and the rest, warmly embraced Bentham's project; and, but for stubborn old George III., who hated radical philosophers as much as his grandfather hated "bainters and boets," the great experiment of rascaldom *versus* humanitarianism would have been tried under a man of real genius. Bentham bought fifty-three acres in Tothill Fields, paying Lord Salisbury £19,000 for them; but not a stone was laid till 1812, long after Bentham had been got rid of, of course with due compensation.

Well, perhaps it was best so; for the difficulties of the site were enough to break even a philosopher's heart. £19,000 indeed; why the "additional item for the foundations," amounted to £42,000! Bentham had chosen the site, because, as he said, it was "in no neighborhood at all." A quagmire, where snipe have been shot by men still alive, it contained any number of almshouses, (how "rheumatiz" must have flourished!) Hill's, Butler's, Wicher's, Palmer's, and Lady Dacre's; a Bridewell; some pest-houses (used as almshouses "so long as it shall please God to keep us from the plague"); and Charles II.'s Green Coats Hospital—verily he deserved



his name of "merry monarch" when he dressed the poor boys ("yellow-hammers," envious gutter-children call them) in such motley. Good enough for school-children and alms-people, and such like, the swamp was eschewed by "people of condition;" its name came from the Abbot of Westminster's mill, to which a very old embankment directed a current from the river. In Stow's time the Earl of Peterborough had a big house thereabouts, "but its situation is but bleak in the winter, and not over healthful, as being so near the low meadows on the south and west parts." The new supervisors, however, did not care to look out for a new site; they got a Mr. Hardwicke for architect, his payment being 2 1-2 per cent. on the estimated £260,000. The plan was imposing—a six-pointed star fort, every salient being a pentagon with a small tower at each angle and a big watch-tower in the centre of its "airing-yard." The labyrinth within is so intricate that Captain Griffiths tells us an old warder, who had served for years and had risen step by step, could never find his way about; he always carried a bit of chalk with which to "blaze" his path as a man "blazes" trees in the bush.

It must have looked grand on paper; but the difficulty was to get it on *terra firma*. This was a very rare substance thereabouts. Here and there was a seam of good stiff clay; but in general it was all peat and loose sand. Plenty of plans were proposed. A mysterious Blackheath architect, Alexander, offered to contract for foundations "independent of piles, planking, and brickwork." But, as he insisted on keeping his secret, the supervisors would have nothing to do with him, and Messrs. Rennie and Cockerell were employed to dig down twelve feet to the sound gravel, and fill in with puddled walling. The outer gate, lodge, and boundary wall were to be trusted to piles, "with rubble two feet deep rammed tight between them." But the rubble sadly betrayed its trust; the boundary wall bulged out and sank, and the lodge was soon found resting on nothing but the piles, the masonry between having sunk, along with the whole surface of the ground, as soon as a main

drain had somewhat dried the peat. Mr. Hardwicke got disgusted, and resigned; a Mr. Harvey took his place, and courses of brickwork bedded in Parker's cement began to be laid regardless of expense. It was all paid out of the taxes; and people seemed rather pleased when the saying "There's more money put away below ground than above at Millbank," seemed likely to be verified. At length, in June 1816, came the first batch of prisoners—thirty-six women from Newgate. But by September serious cracks had opened in walls and arches, and the inmates began to fear lest some fine night they might be swallowed up in a quaking bog. Towards the end of this month the governor was called up at daybreak with the news that none of the passage gates in pentagon No. 1 could be unlocked. He went, and found the women going into fits, and noticed that the three angle towers had sunk a little, cracking arches and walls, and naturally preventing doors from opening. The architect was sent for, and laid the blame on the Thames, which had lately been let in to flood the drains. For fear of accidents admission of prisoners was stopped, and Rennie and Smirke called in. "The main sewer is badly built (said they), and the foundations are far too meagre." Then came more tinkering and jobbing, one engineer playing into another's hands, till the total cost had risen to nearly half a million. Wormwood Scrubs is to be finished for a fifth of the sum.

And now the penitentiary was fairly launched. A governor was found (who resigned by-and-by because the committee would not let him go on practising as a solicitor outside). A lawyer's widow was made matron. The bishop of London recommended as chaplain "a clergyman of great activity and benevolence, and untainted with fanaticism" (*surtout point de zèle*). And turnkeys were secured who were warranted to unite firmness with gentleness. But the committee did a deal (a deal too much) of the work themselves; they were always about the place. One of them, Mr. Holford, confessed that for some time he had done everything but sleep there. Millbank was their toy-house, which they had the privilege of

keeping up at the expense of the nation. They showed it to all comers—grand dukes, lords, princes of the blood, ladies who came to see the prisoners “perform their religious exercises.” Meanwhile they tried experiments and encouraged “reports.” Tale-bearing thrived apace; prisoners and inferior officers “referred things to the committee.” The governor was a nonentity; and as for the matron, she was accused, first, of setting some of the women to work at her daughter’s wedding things, next of using a shilling’s worth of prison thread (she replaced it as soon as she could get some of her own), lastly of giving to her daughter a Bible with which the committee had supplied her—she thought as a present. On these grave charges she was dismissed.

One of the experiments, by the way, was giving brown instead of white bread. The prisoners would not eat it. Mr. Holford exhorted them; but they all left it outside their cell-doors. Next day was Sunday, a row was evidently preparing, so the governor by way of precaution “put three braces of pistols loaded with ball inside his pew”! Who should come in but the chancellor of the exchequer with a party of friends? Such “religious exercises”—file-firing by slamming down the flaps of the seats (why were they made with flaps?) varied with discharges of heavy artillery in the shape of loaves, the women raising their war-song, “Give us our daily bread.” The riot got worse, and then the women began fainting and had to be removed. Then there was a lull; the chancellor made a most appropriate admonition, and the prisoners went off, to begin, next day, breaking windows and destroying their furniture. “They’re over-fed,” said the public. “It’s Mr. Holford’s fattening-house,” observed a jocose M. P., whereupon the committee ran into the other extreme, and at once did away with all the solid meat, giving instead ox-head soup at the rate of one head for a hundred prisoners. Then (Mr. Holford having seen potatoes carried out in the wash-tubs better than he was eating at home), potatoes were given up, and the diet was reduced to a pint of gruel for breakfast, a pint of soup at mid-day, and the same in the evening, a pound and a half of bread being distributed through the day. This seems nourishment enough; but sedentary people really need more nourishment than those who live in fresh air, and prisoners more than either. Most of them are really fretting, even though they “brave it out,” and nothing uses up nerve force like fretting. So in January,

1823, scurvy broke out and was followed by a sort of slow cholera, which carried off a good many, and set the committee taking opinions from eminent medical men. Doctors differed, as usual. Some said it was the water (likely enough; it came from the Thames, into which poured the prison drains); others said it was the low diet. Meat (four ounces a day) and oranges were instantly supplied, and before August was over the prisoners were sent to the Woolwich hulks for change of air. There they had a fine time of it, playing practical jokes on one another—such as “toeing and gooseing,” *i.e.*, dragging off the bed-clothes with a crooked nail at the end of a string, and every now and then escaping and being caught. Thus three got off together, and made their way to London; but one, a young lad, was refused admission by all his relatives, so he gave himself up again, and through his information the other two were taken. One rough day the master of one of the hulks was drowned, and the prisoners wrote a letter “with feelings of the deepest commiseration for his melancholy fate, and wishing by the only means in their power to show their gratitude for his uniform kindness, *viz.*, by contributing a small sum from their percentage (earnings) as a reward for the recovery of his body, the surplus to be handed to his wife, or, if she will not have it, to be applied to erect a tombstone as a lasting monument of his worth and a token of unfeigned respect to his memory.” There must have been some good in men who could write in that way, for since the letter was sent collectively (each “deck” petitioning as a “deck” and not as individuals), there could have been no idea of getting any individual good from writing. Yet at times these men were so riotous that once the soldiers had to be sent for.

Meanwhile, the penitentiary had been cleansed. Sir H. Davy had undertaken the ventilation, Faraday (“a Mr. Faraday, from the Royal Institution,” he is styled) had fumigated it with chlorine. More stoves were put in, school-hours were to be lengthened, moral and religious books to be multiplied, “games and sports” to be introduced. The philanthropic *régime* had come in stronger than ever, and the criminals on whom it was to be tried were chosen as affording reasonable hope that they would be corrected and reclaimed. Instead of amendment there broke out an epidemic of suicide, mostly feigned—prisoners would hang themselves a few seconds before the time for opening their cell-

door, taking care to keep something under their feet till they heard the key in the lock. Others made false keys—one fellow, who remarked when found out, "You see, I've got a very nice eye," caught the pattern of his cell-key, moulded it in bread, cut up his pewter-can with his tailor's scissors, and melted it with his irons and ran it into the mould. A comrade told of him; indeed, most of the plans failed "through information." Before long there came a grand conspiracy, started in letters written on blank prayer-book leaves, to make such a riot as should get them all sent to the hulks; "It's so much jollier at the hulks." This riot was serious, and was met by a great deal of "dark-celling." But this, even when continued for a month together, has little general effect; some people, even some children, don't mind it one bit. So the humane committee had nothing to do for it but to ask Parliament to let them use flogging. It was time; threatening notices began to be posted about; the infirmary warder's cat was hanged, and he was warned: "You see your Cat is hung And you Have Been the corse of it for your Bad Bavior, to Those arond you. Dom yor eis, you'll get pade in yor torn yet." Then a long and elaborate petition was sent to the governor complaining of one of the warders. "The governor," the writer says, "would reason with a man on his misconduct; Mr. Pilling delights in aggravating the cause with a grin or a jeer of contempt." At last a warder or two was half killed, and then the Flogging Act was passed, and temporary quiet was the result. But prisoners must be at something, and as they were not rioting they took to love-making. The laundry woman, who had to open the men's kits, one day found a slip of paper, on which a man had written that he came from Glasgow, and hopes the women are all well. The "kitter" could not read, so she handed the slip round. "I know him well," spoke up a Scotch lassie; "it's John Davidson, a very nice young man, and if none of you'll answer, I'll just write to him myself." She wrote, was answered, sent him a lock of her hair, and a heart worked in worsted on his flannel bandage. Before long every woman had a correspondent; the washing "blue" supplied ink, and all went on merrily when the wardwoman told the matron, and the kits were all searched. Just then the following letter was picked up in chapel:—

From the young man that wrote first to the young woman that wrote last. My dear—It is with a pleasure produced from a mind en-

during the bitters of anxious suspense, that I set myself down for the purpose of relating to you the candid feelings I possess at the present hour; and I hope, my dear, that it will find you enjoying the sweets of good health, as, thank God, I am at present. . . . It is not from the pleasure received from our correspondence that I venture to commit myself to yours and your friend's generosity; but it is from the real expectation of being joined to one of you by the appointed precept of the Creator, to stick strong and constantly to you, and to live an honest, industrious life, endeavoring to obtain felicity in the world to come. So, my dear, if your heart be disposed to acknowledge a sympathy with mine, conditionally, that is to say, by the blessing of God, restored to liberty, and becoming a spectator of my person, I myself am not so very particular about having a handsome wife, for many pretty girls are so sensible of their beauty that it makes their manners rather odious; but so as you are a tidy-looking girl, and industriously inclined, with a good disposition, and will love me and me only, . . . But if any other young man is your intended suitor, I beg you give me a true answer in reply to this. . . . I hope neither you nor your two friends will show our notes to any one, for some women can never keep a secret; when friendship ceases they let all out. That is why I am more distant in my expressions than I should be, for I would not have this known for the best ten pounds that ever was coined.

And so on, in the complete letter-writer style, a marvellous instance of high-polite. But the flirting was not confined to the prisoners; at this time the superior officers were married, and lived with their families inside the walls. They had their servants, of course; and, since "girls will be girls," no wonder the chaplain's maid "was always at her kitchen window making signs;" and the surgeon's servant struck up a friendship with a prisoner-cook, in whose pocket was found a lock of her hair neatly plaited. The steward's housemaid kept her love-letters in her kitchen drawer; she had two admirers, one of whom, Adam-like, excused himself by saying: "Well, she nodded to me first." On the whole, the women gave more trouble than the men; they assaulted the chief matron, telling one another that "if two or three well-behaved women hit her again and again, the gentlemen of the committee would say she's not respected, and is not the prisoners' friend. Then they'll send her away, and we shall be quit of her." They lamented the want of pluck of the men; went into hysterics when the patrol stopped them from rushing about, stool in hand, vowing they would have somebody's life. Then they were such clever

cheats. One girl wandered about the ward at night (the "security" locks seem to have been rather carelessly managed in those days) knocking at the cells, and saying: "I jumped out of window, and got back through the gates, which were left open, and now I can't get into my cell, for it's fastened up." About three A.M. she got tired, woke the ward matron, and was put back. Next day she became a heroine; governor and visitors hastened to look at the girl who had climbed out through a V-shaped hole, ten inches wide at top, without breaking a pane of glass, and had actually fallen seventeen feet without getting anything worse than a little sprain in the hand. There she was quietly at needlework, rejoicing as only prisoners can rejoice in being the centre of attraction, till at last she confessed she had been making fools of them all: "Coming out of night-school, I hid myself in an unoccupied cell; that is all." By-and-by a sham conspiracy was got up, preluded by a letter, contrasting sadly with the love-epistle; it was worked in black letters, on yellow serge. "Stab balling (bawling) Bateman, dam matron too and parson; no justice now; may they brile in hell and their favrits too. God bless the governor, but this makes us devils. Sha'n't care what we do. 20 of us sworn to drink and theve in spite. Make others pay for this. Sha'n't fear any prison or hell after this. Can't suffer more. Some of us meen to gulp the sakrimint; good blind. . . . All swer to die but don't split. . . . Watch your time; stab 'am to the hart in chaple. . . ." Which bloodthirsty missive meant nothing, except that many of them were angry with the matron and wanted to be sent to Australia. No wonder; as one of them said: "We've no friends in the world, and when we come out what are we to do? We must just do the same over again." There was, as yet, no "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society."

But the men could sham too. One "confessed" that he had drowned his sweetheart in the New River, telling the soft-hearted governor, "Sir, I've never had a happy moment since I committed that deed. My life is a burthen to me, I would gladly terminate it on the scaffold." He had only made up the story in order to be sent to Newgate. Indeed Newgate then must have been a sort of fiends' paradise. The women's side, when Mrs. Fry first began to pay those visits one of which is so well represented in this year's Academy, went by the name of "hell above ground." There they were, all huddled

together, untried along with convicts, without even beds, washing, cooking, doing everything on the filthy floor. Visitors were clamorously beset for alms; the women fought with one another to get near the bars, and thrust forward their wooden spoons, tied to the end of long sticks, hoping a few pence might be put in them. Many had their children with them, most were half-naked; and there they were singing, screaming, fighting, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes, doing all that a bad woman (who is so much worse than most bad men) could get the chance of doing. Other prisons were as bad—read Mr. Chesterton's report (1830). Coldbath Fields, for instance, was "a sink of pollution—the female side only half fenced off from the male." So that, in spite of the "experimenting," the penitentiary stood out very well by contrast. The reins, too, were beginning to be drawn tighter; even humanitarians came to see that it was ridiculous to make a fuss about flogging a convict who has brained his warder with a sleeve-board or a shoe-frame; while the "cat" was freely used in the penal colonies, and while soldiers got their hundred or two hundred lashes for purely military offences. Floggings, few and far between, began to be administered in Millbank; but just now (some forty years ago) a committee had investigated the rival American system, solitary confinement (at the U. S. Eastern Penitentiary), and "the silent system," enforced by warders cat in hand (at Auburn and Sing Sing). The latter had its evils; an assistant keeper at Auburn (for instance) flogged a pregnant woman to death. The former involved dangers of which the committee were well warned (*e.g.* in Dickens' "American Notes"), but warned in vain. It was tried, this solitary confinement, strangely enough under the "theocracy," as we may call it, which was next established at Millbank. A clergyman, named Nihil, was made chaplain-governor, and he made up his mind that the object of the place was solely "reformation by moral and religious means." The warders were all to be godly men; one was reprov'd for calling a prisoner a rascal; another was dismissed because a prisoner reported that he had said: "The nature of man is sinful no doubt, but the worst man that ever lived was no worse than the God who had made him." This man being asked, "Are you a believer in the Scriptures?" said, "I would rather not enter into that subject." "Did you not, when engaged, say you belonged to the Church

of England?" "No; I was never asked the question." But the clincher was when the prisoners accused him of saying that St. Paul told women what sort of ribbons to wear in their bonnets. The man was dismissed; and the warders were thenceforth demonstratively devout. The prisoners took up the same plan. One began to prophecy, and wrote to Governor Nihil in the style of Amos or Micah. "My kind governor, I hope you will hearken unto me; in truth I am no prophet, though I am sent to bear witness as a prophet. . . . If you will hear my words, call your nobles together, and then I will speak as it has been given unto me . . . Behold, out of the mire shall come forth brightness against thee." Indeed, "pantiling," *i.e.* sham-piety, became the rule at Millbank.

The pretence was often so transparent that even Mr. Nihil saw through it. He was specially exercised with attempted escapes and feigned lunacy. One girl's conduct was so outrageous that it seems hard to think she was not really mad on certain points. Many a saner creature has been saved the gallows by the intervention of a mad-doctor. Julia St. Clair Newman (Miss Newman she was called in prison, where criminals of the better class are wonderfully looked up to by the rest) was a West-Indian creole (not a half or quarter caste, that is, but a *pure white*, island born). When quite young, she was sent to a French boarding-school, and at sixteen was left with her mother on an allowance made by her guardian. Unhappily, hers was not honorable poverty, like that in which the girlhood of another creole, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, was passed. Mother and daughter soon became accomplished swindlers; and, after a sojourn in the King's Bench and in Whitecross Street, they added to swindling the ugly trick of carrying off the spoons. Being caught, they were both sentenced to transportation; and the mother, a quiet old lady, died in prison. But Julia was made of sterner stuff; accomplished, lady-like, very musical, a really beautiful singer, clever with pencil and colors, and "decidedly interesting" (said the matrons), though with no claims to beauty, she ought to have made the happiness of some honest man's home. "The system" failed with her. The day after her reception she began writing to her mother, urging her to make a sham confession to the chaplain, and to get the daughter released. For this she was sent to "the dark." There she shammed ill, making her face look ghastly with chalk. Her pen and ink were con-

fiscated, and then she began scratching verses, bemoaning her separation from her mother, on the whitewash of her cell. This, to which our historic prisons owe so much of their charm, is forbidden nowadays; so the muse had to be silent, and Julia was again driven to letter-writing. How she could have got ink and blank prayer-book leaves is a mystery. Besides letters, she wrote a dying confession of one Mary Hewett, "the cause of all our misfortunes," exculpating the Newmans at her own expense. By-and-by she went mad, beating her head against the wall; and then, calming down, began to lampoon Mr. Nihil in verses which he thought showed "much talent and some attainments." After the infirmary has been tried to no purpose, she is again put in the dark cell, where she amuses herself with singing songs of her own composition, sleeping well, and eating all the bread they give her. After eleven days, Mr. Nihil loses patience, and, discovering in her cell a long critical examination of the character of the then new queen, tells the committee that they must find out whether she is really mad or not. There is no chance of getting her off to Australia for many months, and he is in despair. "A case of affected madness," says the surgeon before whom she beats herself violently, and dresses up in all sorts of fantastic ways. At the lady visitors she flings water; yet when put into the infirmary, and spoken to by the task-mistress, she weeps like a child. Then she refuses her meals, tears up her prayer-book, and grazes her nose so as to make her face hideous. The doctors will not let her be sent to the dark again, and she is put in a strait-jacket, which she tears to atoms, and her own clothes as well. She destroys a second strait-jacket before they find that she has a pair of scissors under her arm. This is too bad, so off she goes to the dark cell, where she makes three baskets of her straw mattress, and on her Bible-leaves writes, with blood and water for ink, and a needle for pen, a long account of her wrongs. After hurling a few tin cans at surgeon, matron, etc., she collapses, eats only a little crust of bread, and gets so seemingly feeble, that the surgeon warns Mr. Nihil that "the dark" may shorten her life. But, when the said surgeon is sent to examine her, she suddenly rouses herself, begins to sing and scream, pelts him with bread, calls him bad names, and refuses to have her pulse felt. She is then sent to Bedlam, whereupon some one in the House of Lords cries out, "Culpable



leniency; she gets off so easily because she is a lady." At Bedlam they find her out at once; so she is passed back to prison, where she varies her tricks by hanging herself, breaking her windows, tampering with the ward women. She is then handcuffed, but slips "the bracelets" off; then a surgical instrument maker makes a muff and belt, with handcuffs attached. She destroys the muff, and gets rid of the rest of the machine. So they chain her to the wall; but even then, dexterous as the Brothers Davenport themselves, she frees herself, and afterwards cuts to ribbons with a bit of glass a pair of stout leather sleeves with straps specially invented for her case. After trying a strait-waistcoat and collar, which she manages to destroy with her teeth, they leave her free, and free she remains until she is shipped off to Van Dieman's Land. It would have been interesting to trace her after career, though undoubtedly it was far worse than if she had had the good luck to have been sent out at once, instead of being, for so many weary months, the subject of Mr. Nihil's experiments.

Escapes from Millbank were rare. Men do escape; even at Chatham a man was built over by his comrades, brick by brick, and so got clear. At Dartmoor a convict broke into the chaplain's house, dressed himself in the reverend gentleman's clothes, and rode away on his horse. One of the Millbank officers was also a servant about the palace, and used to wear at *levees* a very gorgeous uniform. His housemaid dressed one of the prisoners up in this uniform, and he was, of course, able to pass the gates.

The foul-air shaft was a favourite means of egress; but none of the attempts equalled that of "Punch" Howard, who turned his knife-blade into a saw by hammering it on his bedstead, and then sawed through a rivet of his window. It was all done in dinner hour — saw made, bar cut, knife returned. How he passed his big head, and then his shoulders, through a slit three feet by six inches and a half, it is hard to understand. However, he did draw his whole body out, and then managed to spring up and catch the coping of the roof above. He had his ropes (strips of sheet and blanket) fastened to his foot, and soon let himself down into the graveyard. Here the sentry saw him; but, taking him for a ghost (he was in his shirt), turned and ran without giving any alarm. He got clear off, found clothes at a relation's house in Westminster, and was off to the Uxbridge brick-fields. One is al-

most sorry to hear that he was soon captured. His warder managed to set a comrade talking, and so learnt the secret of the brick-fields, went down, and, by offering work to any lively boys, decoyed "Punch" out from among the brick-makers, a set of men among whom no policeman would have ventured to trust himself.

What with real or supposed mad women and determined attempts at escape, Mr. Nihil became hard and soured, and went in largely for solitary confinement. His attempts at reformation could not, it seemed, succeed unless the prisoners were perfectly isolated; and he was determined to give his system a fair trial. Unfortunately the public were against him; lunacy was found (or fancied) to increase, and the "pantlers" ("broadbrimmers") were seen to be of all men most unsatisfactory. So Sir James Graham intimated, in his place in the House, that, "as a penitentiary, the place has thoroughly failed." The moral and religious ends were not attained, and the discipline had become a farce. Philanthropic experimenters forgot (what everybody is apt to forget) that all men are not cut out after the same pattern, and that, therefore, the treatment which will suit one will be ruin to another. "Give me a good sound flogging, sir. I don't care a bit for the dark," said a prisoner whom Mr. Nihil was going to send to the cell. Some require flogging (the truth is being borne in upon us just now); some have a higher nature, which may be otherwise touched. Captain Griffiths, whose "Memorials" should be read by any one who wants to go into the subject more at length, says: "It is merely waste of time to endeavor to reform habitual criminals by purely moral and religious means." He is right in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred; but when he supports his opinion by the dictum of the governor of Sing Sing, N. Y., that "nothing is rarer than to see a criminal of advanced age become virtuous," he forgets that the method at Sing Sing was to enforce silence by the warders' "cats," not a very promising mode of developing virtue. The great thing is to get your able governor — a man with an eye to character, who will be able to deal with men according to their natures; and then to let him overhaul your rules.

The penitentiary, being a failure, ceased to be; and Millbank was then used as a temporary detention-place for convicts on their way to transportation. These were a rough lot, and required to be roughly



dealt with. The new governor, an old army officer, was soon complained of by the warders, whom he forced to be smarter and to keep the men better at work. So careless had the officers become that Captain Groves once hid a prisoner as they were at exercise. He put him in his cell, and then, returning, asked, "How many have you in charge?" "So many," "Sure?" "Yes." "Count them." "Why, bless me, I'm one short." "Ah!" exclaimed the old army man, and added an expletive the use of which was one of the main charges against him. Captain Groves came off triumphant from his accusations; but he failed in his attempt to organize his prison boys into a brigade for drill and work, — they were so unruly that they beat even him.

All this time transportation was in full swing. Sometimes a convict did wonderfully well abroad. One man, not particularly clever at business nor specially well-educated, thrived just because he kept from drink. He used to save his rations of rum and sell them to his fellow-workmen at Paramatta. Putting by every shilling in this way, he was able when he got free to set up a public-house and buy a horse and trap for hire. One day he happened to be his own driver, and his "fare" was an ex-convict woman with a little property of her own. He married her out of hand, increased his connection, and eventually got a great deal of land and died worth £15,000 a year. His plan was this (it was the ordinary plan at Sydney), to buy their produce of the little "Cockatoo" farmers, many of them ticket-of-leave men, and therefore sure to deal by preference with a convict shopkeeper. There was no market, so the shopkeeper had things at his own price and paid for them in "property," *i.e.* articles of consumption, of which drink was the chief. The farmer got drunk, stayed a day or two, and then the landlord asked, "Do you know what you owe me now?" "Not I." "Well, £50." "Why, how's that?" "You've been drunk all the time, and standing treat all round." It is the same thing nowadays with the Queensland shepherds. A poor fellow lives a dog's life alone in the bush; and, if he is not speared by the blacks, by the year's end he has £30 or £40 in his pocket. He can't spend it in the solitude of his run, so he asks for a holiday, comes down townwards, turns into the nearest spirit-store, gets drunk, and when he awakes to consciousness is turned out by the landlord a penniless beggar. Probably the store really belongs to the sheep-

master, and so his shepherd's salary comes back to the man who paid it.

Yes, drink is still the curse of Australia, the fruitful mother of "larrikins," and other reproductions of our social failures. It was so in the convicts' days. Sober men got on, clever rogues became first-rate lawyers, newspaper editors, and so on; but drunkards sank, and their children grew up "larrikins," a degree lower than our gutter-children. But there is no need to talk of the good or evil of transportation, the frequent horrors of the passage, the occasional shipwrecks — in one case, where the ship ran ashore at Boulogne, nearly every soul was drowned because the surgeon's wife wouldn't go in the same boat with convicts; to humor her, her husband ordered that no one should leave till morning. The ship was comfortably aground, and the crew went below to supper; but she went to pieces during the night, and when daylight came and boats put off from shore, very few were left to be carried across.

Surgeons varied; sometimes a convict-ship had the good luck to get a man fit to take rank with St. Paul. Such a one was Dr. Browning, who took the "Arab" out to Van Dieman's Land in 1834. The moment the men were landed it was seen that they had undergone a marked change. The doctor was a stirring preacher, with a talent for organization almost as great as John Wesley's. He marshalled his men under first captain, second captain, and captains of divisions, all chosen from themselves; steward, too, schoolmasters and school-inspectors. He was beloved and obeyed; and, when he fell ill on one of his voyages, he hung his hammock on the prison-deck and gave himself up to be nursed by the convicts.

The best thing for a transported convict was to get "assigned." Under a tolerable master life was easy, and gain pretty sure. A man was often fairly rich before he had become an "emancipist" (*i.e.* had worked out his time). But task-work under a convict overseer was by no means so pleasant: these overseers were great brutes. One, we are told, when a gang was carrying a tree, would call away first one man and then another, and enjoy the writhing of those left under the unfair burden. Another was taking a gang across country when one man fell very ill. The overseer had a hole dug, and was putting him in. "But I'm not dead," screamed the man. "Never mind, you will be before morning, and I'm not going to hang about here all night watching you."

Worst of all were the penal settlements — Norfolk Island, Port Arthur, etc. Pandemonium could not have been worse.

But transportation is over; nor are we likely to try it in any new countries, for it was tremendously costly. When transportation ceased Millbank underwent another change. "Penal servitude" is the thing now, not humanitarian coaxing. Every convict gets, to begin with, nine months' solitary confinement at Millbank or Pentonville. These over, according to his strength he is drafted off to Dartmoor, or Portland, or Chatham, or Portsmouth. The breakwater is convict work; and the basins, big enough for our fleet to shelter in, lately dug in the heavy clay of the Medway bottom, are convict work. Thousands of pounds have been saved in this way.

Of course the Millbank calendar contains many records of misguided ingenuity as well as of mere depravity; of this, Captain Griffiths gives several striking instances. As neat a thing as was ever done in the way of robbery was when Agar and Pierce robbed the bullion on the South-Eastern Railway. It would never have been known who did it had not Agar been sentenced two years after for forgery. While at Portland, he heard that his wife and child were in want, though Pierce, his old ally, had promised to take care of them. In a rage, Agar told that he and Pierce had robbed the train. Pierce was ticket-porter, and first proposed the robbery. They watched and watched with true thieves' patience. At last Agar once saw a bullion-chest opened, and noticed the till where the keys were put. They tried to make friends with the office-clerk, but he was "a very sedate young man," so they managed to get in when the office was empty and took impressions of the keys in wax. Burgess, a guard, and Tester, the Dover station-master, were now let into the "swim," and then the thing was easy enough. They opened the safes, took out the gold, and replaced it weight for weight with shot. £12,000 worth of gold they melted down, and sold part, Burgess getting £700 and the others £600 apiece.

At Millbank, too, there were people of all conditions of life. People said that once the place contained at the same time a baronet, two captains, four clergymen, a solicitor, and one or two M.D.'s. There was the rich Liverpool merchant who had forged cheques for £360,000, whom the prison officials used to speak of as "a fine old fellow." There was the needy surgeon whose polygamous aim was to marry

woman after woman with a little money of her own; the court was full of his victims the day he was brought to trial. Then there was the Hon. and Rev. —, who had a living of £1,400 a year in Ireland, but was so fond of horse-racing, that once, going to stay with a Manchester friend, and finding his cheque-book lying about, he could not resist the temptation to forgery. He was off by daybreak to the races; but meanwhile his friend, passing by, happened to call at his bank and was told that a large sum had been paid to his order that morning. "I never drew such a cheque," he cried; and the result was that the Hon. and Rev. — was arrested on the grand stand.

Then there were the lunatics, whose delusions would fill a volume. One man invented "the cork ship," which no one knew how to build but he and the Americans; he had plenty of these on hand, and would part with them if the Admiralty liked to speculate. He wrote a letter to Bismarck recommending his invention, and went melancholy when, after long daily expectation, he was forced to give up all hopes of an answer. An "official" lunatic, though probably sane enough, was Isaacs, who was always ill-behaved, and one day, while under punishment, told the officer: "I'll murder somebody, and soon too." "Well, why not me?" replied the officer. "No, no; you're too big, and I've known you too long." The threat was forgotten, and by-and-by Isaacs passed under mild easy-going warder Hall, an ex-publican, who treated him with the utmost leniency. But gratitude was not in Isaacs' nature; so one day he knocked Hall down with a basin. The man was stunned, and, while he lay helpless, Isaacs battered out his brains. "You'll be hanged for this, Isaacs," said a "pal" of his. "I sha'n't — not I. The rabbi was here last night, and he'll get me off. They don't hang Jews nowadays. They've not done it for a hundred years." Isaacs was a true prophet; he was sent to Bedlam, where he was kept for two years in an iron cage, and signalized his being let out by half murdering a keeper.

Those who want to know more about Millbank must go to Captain Griffiths' "Memorials." They will find, too, a full account of the new system of "marks," which is to work such wonders. Nothing counts below six marks a day, but a man by good honest work may make eight. If he does this every day he'll "overtake" a quarter of his time, and get his ticket-off-leave all the sooner. These are marks for

work; there is no such thing now as giving good marks for conduct and attention to religious duties; "pantiling" was the death of that experiment. The appeal is solely and simply to the prisoner's self-interest. He wants to get out, and this system helps him to get out. The work done is marked every day in a book and also on the prisoner's card; and both are often inspected by the higher officers, so as to guarantee that the convict gets fairly treated. On this system all the work which has saved the country so much money has been done, and there is no reason why fortifications should not be raised in the same way wherever they are needed. Those at Portsmouth, built in this way, bid fair to be a credit to the nation.

And so we say good-bye to Millbank and to Captain Griffiths' pleasantly written work. Like him, we have been content to deal indirectly with the great questions which a work like this suggests, rather than to discuss them formally. Possibly as much may be learnt from this indirect treatment as from more formal discussions. It is encouraging to reflect that Wormwood Scrubbs will be so much cheaper. It is still more encouraging to believe that the day of experiments is over. Men who ought to know say that "marks" will answer, and so we are bound to believe them, though we cannot help thinking a good flogging will be always wanted in a few cases here and there by way of a stronger incentive.

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From Good Words.

#### WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,  
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### A LETTER FROM THE WILDERNESS, AND A LETTER FROM THE WORLD.

LIZZIE BLENNERHASSET having been cheerfully resigned by her relations to Pleasance, and having survived the removal to the manor, began with the stimulus of change, and still more with an object in life which Dick's departure had withdrawn from her, to make a gradual recovery. By the time spring had come she was restored to nearly her usual state of health, and was able to resume her old occupation of dressmaking, which she practised for a season at the manor.

Pleasance was earnest in working with

her, not only to cheat time and thought, but with a faint expectation that if she could acquire a certain amount of skill in dressmaking, in addition to her other qualifications, she had a chance of being retained by the new mistress of the manor, supposing she were the wife of the new head man and the mother of a family. Pleasance might become so valuable an auxiliary, that in such a case she might be solicited to remain and give her help in the household.

Pleasance clung to the old place. It is only after people go one after another, and leave a place vacant, that the place itself assumes the value it is capable of assuming, in such circumstances, in a man or a woman's eyes. To give up the animal world of the manor, too, would be like giving up the last wrecks that were left out of a fortune.

Thus the winter, which Pleasance had once thought would fly on the wings of love, wore past until there was a spring feeling in the air; rooks were cawing, the few little birds of the east county were singing in the afternoons; and there were snowdrops and aconite and colt's-foot in the garden, and primroses budding under the hedgerows.

The advent of the new mistress to the manor was close at hand, causing Lizzie Blennerhasset to speak incessantly of going home to the smithy and Pleasance to reflect silently with a slight throb of her stunned and stricken heart, what farther changes might be involved to her in the movement.

But first there came one of those letters to the manor which, unless during Mrs. Balls's last illness, had been like angels' visits, few and far between, and which had ceased altogether since last autumn.

This letter was not to Pleasance, but to Lizzie, and it came, of course, circuitously after having made a lengthened stay at the smithy. It was a letter from Long Dick. It had been written many weeks before, at a farm far up in the back woods of Canada, to which his feet hastening to leave the manor and Saxford behind them, and to shake off their very dust, had reached. The writer had found heart of grace to convey an assurance of his welfare and of something more to the woman who had loved the very ground he had trodden upon.

"Dear Liz," Long Dick had contrived to indite in his labored and still curiously defective calligraphy and orthography, "This comes to tell ee I d' be well, and hopes you be the same. Times ain't so

bad with me as they 'a been, and Cain-a-day ain't a bad country by harf, an it weren't smo'ed with wood—leastways this bitten, and no meadows or beasteses as at home; but mappen the least like home the bessern for some folks. There d' be grand sticks on trees, and sich a number on them that the housen—sich as there is—be built on wood and not on stone, which do seem a waste. But where they 'a room for corn it d' grow grand. I were a cruel brute to you last mornin', but I were hard druv, desperate like, you knows that and bears no malice. You 'a never bore me nowt but 'eavens goodness sin' I bore you out on the fire.

"There mun a been a marriage at manor long or now, and mappen he 'a gotten my berth—wool! why not? he 'a gotten what I held a deal dearer; and I wunno be sich a grudgin' beast as grudge him thatten to the bargain. He were 'nation smart and 'ould learn, he 'ould, and he were not a bad chap an he had not crossed my road and took—what he took; and he drew me out on Broad at risk 's life, though I wish he 'ad left me there a-soakin' and a-driftn' with poor owd Punch. But there I d' be a-smitin' your poor tender little heart again and turnin' you sick and dizzy, as I can see, though I be knots and fadoms on sea-water on the udder side of the world. I meant no sich ill deed. I just wished you to see and to say to them as may be axin—to her and to him, as I were doin well and gettin high wages at this farm, and were hearty a-seein' on strange sights, and not wantin to spile sport. For she 'ould kinder go thinking on me, and grievin for me at times; and so 'ould he, dang him! for he were like a woman he were, in some things, though he were manful enough in udders. And so I d' be your cousin and frien till death, Dick Blennerhasset.

"I wuss all well at smithy. Tell uncle I 'a shod a power on horses sin' I came, thanks to his learnin'. I 'a thoughts on settin' up a smithy of my owncet in back woods. Clem will be pleased for to hear there d' be fiddles out here. I heard en at Quebec, which is a town just bigger and finer than Cheam, the day I landed. Tell Missus Balls I ware astin for her."

There was nothing wonderful in this letter except its general ignorance and generosity. Pleasance made much of the last, telling herself sadly, that here was one poor stout foolish fellow in whom she had not been mistaken.

But though Pleasance had always been inclined to think well of Long Dick, and

though she thought better of him now than ever, it remained a mystery to her what Lizzie Blennerhasset made of the letter, with its tardy brief acknowledgment of the obligation to her who had well-nigh died for the love of the writer. Without looking beyond the few brief references to Lizzie's self which were not its primary motive, and yet without arguing from them the wild conclusion of Dick's loving her at last, Lizzie was in the seventh heaven. "He 'a minded me and written to me afore all—he 'a minded my suffering for him—he 'a minded my wery ways and looks."

Long Dick's letter had been something of a lively incident from the outer world in the quiet domestic life of the manor, heralding the great public event of the arrival of the new representative of Lawyer Lockwood and the substitute for Mrs. Balls.

The letter had helped to diversify the last week, and distract attention and conversation from what was becoming its chief theme—namely, a close revision of all that had reached Saxford in rumor and gossip of the distinguishing peculiarities of the coming housekeeper and dairy-woman.

On one of these last days Pleasance had missed a lamb which had lost its dam, and which had therefore fallen largely to the women to rear.

Pleasance had gone after what she had believed the traces of the lamb as far as the shoulder of the moor, and looking down into the hollow and seeing the vagrant as she had expected, lying chewing its juvenile cud in a sheltered nook, she had descended after it, and sat down to rest, ere she resumed her homeward way.

It was one of those sweet days in early spring, in which the sun does not seem so much to shine broadly, as to brood lovingly, with a thousand subtle influences, over the earth beneath him springing up to meet his smile. Yet, there was enough sunshine to cause what was one of the most characteristic features of the moor on a fine day, the endless procession of cloud shadows which pursued over its brown and green surface the cloud march in the sky. Pleasance sat watching them, and then turned to the one windmill which was in view, and regarded its swinging arms till she grew giddy.

On and on raced the clouds, round and round whirled the sails. Was it like the continuity of human history, never broken for individual disaster? Was it what men are sometimes tempted to count the pitiless will of fate always weaving—never

in this life displaying the finished pattern that might seem to make the burden and the care, the pain and the tears of the process worth it?

Then a barge glided in sight like a signal stroke of destiny, bringing a token out of a far country; and contemporaneously with the barge appeared Lizzie coming to seek Pleasance, and holding in her hand — pausing momentarily as she limped along to rest, and to spell out a few words — the letter which she could say by heart.

“Oh, there she is with her letter again,” sighed Pleasance, a little pettishly. “I think her head is turned with that letter, I wish she had spared it to me here.”

It seemed mean to complain of being asked to share Lizzie’s small taste of happiness, which she relished so keenly, and for which she was so humbly grateful. Before she came up to Pleasance the latter had begun to reproach herself and to seek to bring herself into a better frame of mind. Yet it was hard to listen to Lizzie’s ecstasies on a spot to which Pleasance did not care to come at all, and where she had always to put a supreme force upon herself to resist the current of recollection.

But it was not the old — it was another letter which by an odd coincidence had come again to Lizzie, a letter from Clem in London this time. “And it d’ be all about music, practices, concer’s, and sich like, as nobry but hisself ’ould care to hear about,” said Lizzie, with a little contempt of her brother’s epistolary powers — “not a word about the queen, or the palaces and towers, and shops or nor’n. I ain’t patience to read it through till night — there, Pleasance, you may ’a it, and see what you can make on it. Mor, I ’a seen the day far’er ’ould ’a gev he a good hidin’ for such a letter, but now ’tis his bizness, and that d’ make a differ. You can take your time, dinner will not be ready yet a while; and the lamb will foller when she sees you, athout trouble.”

Pleasance let Lizzie drop the letter into her lap and go. Why should not Pleasance read Clem’s letter and hear his account of a progress, the coming about of which was like a fairy-tale? Why should not she read it all the more that the rough village genius, though he might have left behind him in his village many to envy what was to them his sudden unaccountable promotion, could find no real sympathizer even among his nearest relations?

Clem had come later from regular schooling than Long Dick, besides, since he had gone up to try whether he might

not be admitted to an academy of music, he had been put on a course of preparatory general education, which was doing its best to make a less utterly illiterate lad of him; while he was spurred on in the wider field that would otherwise have had no attraction for him by the fact that without being to a certain extent “a scholar,” he would never be a musician worthy of the name. On the other hand, except with reference to music, Clem’s parts were duller than Long Dick’s, and many of his rustic turns of thought and habits of expression were the next thing to inveterate. It was therefore, through a strange, almost incomprehensible jumble of stiff, gnarled pot-hooks — here and there softened by late efforts into more flowing and symmetrical penmanship.

He had played before “a first fiddle” of repute, and been not only heard to the end, but encouragingly told to work on; however, he was to work at nothing but exercises for a long time. He had been sent or taken to this hall and that society to hear — the music of the spheres to Clem — he was in another world, and was exalted and engrossed.

At last Clem diverged from his precious musical information. With a pant for breath and a great heart-throb Pleasance read, “Since the day I comed and were boarded here, I have seed little of Mister Douglas, him we was used to call joel Wray; my eye! I ain’t he been a stunner, and he married to Madam and all! But he d’ be reckoned a batchelor man here, as I ’ad plain positive proof. I was going to say I have seen little on Mister Douglas since I came up to town as they say here, for why I hear he ’ave been in France with his mother and sister. But first ’twere through him that I got to them concerts and oratorios I have been telling you of, and now that he is comed home — that is to town again, I expect that I shall get to mor’n and be at the Albert Hall, or at the Philharmonic or the Sacred, or the Monday Pops, or at the Crystal Palace every blessed day and night, so you see I have little time to write. But I was to tell you more about Joel, that’s young Squire Douglas, being looked on as a batchelor man here. I was in the Park, that’s not like no squire’s park near Saxford, but all flower gardens here, and gen’lemen and ladies riding and driving there. I were leaning against the rail with some other fellers, when by comes Joel — I wish you saw him, young Lockwood were nothing to him — in a swell’s coat and hat, and riding a chestnut mare, and two young



ladies to right and left of him, and a groom as were like a gen'leman himself a-ridin' behind them. That weren't like the wheat-hoeing in the thirty-acre, or the harvestin', no, nor his weddin' down at Saxford. Well, but he saw me, and while he reddened up, he nodded to me as frank as you like; and I touched my cap, not my hair; to my patron as they calls him here — main proud that he were that frien'ly. 'Who's that nob?' says a feller near me to a feller a-staring at me as if I were a bigger chap, along on my master's nod.

"Oh, that is young Douglas of Shardleigh," says his mate; 'he is a rich beggar, his father was the great manufacturer in the north who left such a deal of tin.'

"I know all about him," sings out a third man, 'I come from his part of the country; he has just returned; he has been abroad with his family for the mother's health; but they have come back early, though the east winds ain't gone yet, because Miss Douglas, who has her share of the old manufacturer's tin, is to come out this season. She was the young lady next us; the other young lady is a friend, a Miss Wyndham, on a visit in Grosvenor Square. They say she and Douglas are to make a marriage.' And the others went on to cry, what a great catch it were for a young lady, and were she a fortune herself, or a beauty or connected high to get en?"

Pleasance read and took in the sense, laid down the letter on the heather beside her, and looked around her with a dazed look. There was not a living creature within sight except the little strayed lamb beginning to find that it had strayed, to grow weary of and frightened at the freedom it had coveted, to get up and run here and there, without discovering its foster mother, to bleat piteously, and at last to start in a hurried trot in the opposite direction from the manor.

Pleasance did not rise to prevent it; she still looked about her with that blank, bewildered look. Was this the manor moor that she had known all her life, and where she had come and sat and sewed or read in peaceful content, during her spare moments, hundreds of times? Was that the same grey stone she had avoided sedulously this morning, and on which Joel Wray had thrown himself, when he had brought her there, and placed her by his side, under the August sunset, the night he came back from Cheam? He had told her in the very next breath to that in which he had spoken of the solemn mystery of death, and of the drowned

men, whose distant hearths were made cold, and over whom he had mourned so tenderly, that he coveted her for his love and his wife, with whom to spend the rest of his days. Was she the same woman who had heard that tale?

Pleasance covered her face with her hands, and thought. She was, after all, in spite of the early womanliness which circumstances had imparted to her character — in spite of her close, practical familiarity with such real life, in its unvarnished toil and care, joy and sorrow, as that with which she had come in contact — in spite of her habitual mental feeding on and thorough digesting of a few worthy books — very inexperienced. She was so inexperienced that, in so far as knowledge of the world, the conventional world, went, she might have credited the most violently improbable circumstance, or combination of circumstances, almost as easily as the most ignorant of the village girls around her.

But Pleasance had one potent defence against such credulity. Any base and vile act was so far removed from herself that she could not, without great difficulty, conceive of it in another — far less in another whom she had believed to know well, and whom she had learned to love dearly.

Therefore Pleasance did not for a moment give way to the folly of holding that Archie Douglas could be about to marry another woman. But the idle report that had been brought in Clem's letter to Saxford, opened Pleasance's eyes, as her quiet, self-concentrated life recently had not been able to do, to the utter falseness of the position which both she and Archie Douglas occupied.

There could have been no such public acknowledgment of their marriage, as she had rendered doubly difficult by her rupture with him, and her refusal to accompany him to his friends, and of which, so far as it had concerned herself, she had never thought, since it did not seem to matter to her, dwelling near the village where the marriage had been publicly celebrated, and where it was well known. Whether Archie Douglas had suffered himself to be withheld from telling his family; or whether he had told them, and it had been their policy to seek to hush up the affair, so that it was with their connivance that he was living in the world as a single man, Pleasance could not tell. All she knew and felt with strong conviction was, that the secret must be kept no longer in the interests of justice, that justice which lay so near Pleasance's heart.



Archie Douglas and others must be thought of in the humiliation and misery of the situation. The truth must be told at any sacrifice of the pride of which he had so often accused her, and of the poor peace that was left her.

For Archie Douglas's own sake, to save him from a snare which would grow upon him year by year, and wind about and entangle him — holding him the while in fetters, becoming always the more hateful and maddening — until it should eat into and poison all that was manly and honorable in him. Pleasance would go through fire and water, would subject herself to desperate pains and penalties.

But there were others besides Archie Douglas to whom the permanent, even partial, concealment of his marriage might work grievous wrong and unhappiness. His mother and sister — whether deeply injured by him, or whether guilty of abetting him, must be sufferers.

At that moment it recurred to Pleasance's mind that the name of the girl referred to was Wyndham. That had been her aunt's name, and the consideration made Pleasance pause even then with a curious sense of fatality and retribution. But Wyndham was not an uncommon name in England; and Pleasance's mind was too much occupied with thoughts which agitated her profoundly, to admit of her dwelling on vague possibilities, or on speculations which had to do with the remote tribulations of her girlhood.

When she reached the manor she came without the lamb, and looking so strange to Lizzie's eyes that Lizzie at once forgot the missing animal, and assailed Pleasance.

"What 'a come to you? There be'n't snakes on the moor as in the meadow; but be you bitten, Pleasance?"

"No, Lizzie; but I have been making up my mind to go right away to London, no less, before there is a change here. I may hear of something that would suit me," said Pleasance, with a slight tremulousness in her voice. "I should see a little of the world, and I can pay for my fancy, you know," she ended, with an attempt at a smile.

"She d' be seekin' if she can hear tidin's on that thief in the wood, her man, afore she tries summat new, poor mawther; though she 'ont let on about it," said Lizzie to herself, unconsciously shaking her head, while she answered aloud with determined cheerfulness, "Wool! it is no more than nat'ral, and you young and hearty, and with a bit on money to spen'.

You'll get Clem to go about with you, and len' you a han' in need, if so be that he can be got from his scrapin' and fiddlin'. I'll go home a day or two sooner, that's all; but you'll come back, Pleasance?"

"I mean to," said Pleasance, quickly; "where else can I go to?"

"And you 'a got Clem's letter with the places written down; keep it. I 'a seen enough on his croshts and quivers."

Poor Pleasance caught at the chance with its small compensation, though she had supposed that she had ceased to care what the world — her little village world — said; and though she was going for a time out of hearing of its gabble. She knew from the welcome relief afforded her by the hope of the news which Clem had given being confined to herself, with its farther circulation suppressed, that it would still have stung her keenly to have had the slander of Archie Douglas's speedy infidelity, in addition to his desertion, go abroad. It would at once have been caught up and swallowed wholesale, and become the talk of Saxford in her absence, while her errand and its probable consequences would have been enlarged upon in every coarse and grotesque light.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## PLEASANCE GOES.

PLEASANCE was so anxious to do what she was called on to do without loss of time, and to avoid all observation in doing it, that she set out the very next day, without going to the village and making preparations, and without speaking to a single soul save Lizzie, in whose charge Pleasance left her few worldly goods, consisting principally of Mrs. Balls's effects.

It was the same season of the year, too, only a little earlier, and in the morning, not in the evening of a fine spring day, such as that of yesterday, or of nine years ago when Anne and Pleasance had arrived in the east country. And as she walked with the rapidity of a fixed intent through the fields to the station, carrying in her hand all the luggage which she took with her in the very old carriage-bag that she had brought to the manor, she could not help recalling that first day, and asking herself was she turning her back on another portion of her life? Yet she did mean, as she had said to Lizzie Blennerhasset, to come back. She could neither see nor desire any other course or refuge, except the path which custom had rendered easy to her, and the home among the homely people whom she knew, and who bore her

some respect, and were not unfriendly towards her.

In other circumstances, Pleasance's sound and well-gifted nature might have eagerly responded to the novelty and exhilaration of such a journey, and risen with elasticity to the anticipation of fresh experience and a fresh world. But she had been only four months ago cruelly taken by surprise and driven desperate. Her rooted convictions and prejudices, her loyal adherence to a chosen standard, and her tender feelings had all been up in arms and in hard conflict, so that the wounds of that conflict must remain long unhealed, and the scars would prove inefaceable. And she still bore a heavy, crushing burden of steadfast opposition to whatever culpable weakness of herself or another might beset her in her self-appointed task.

As it was, Pleasance saw everything with the sedateness and impassiveness, the half-tired, half-hopeless spirit that has only just come up out of the deep waters, and can hardly so much as imagine that there is any safe footing, not to say pleasant path, left for the wayfarers in this troublous journey of life.

Pleasance took her seat in a third-class carriage scantily occupied at this hour with sober, serious working-people going to work a few miles down the line, or to market at the next town. She was herself the most serious of the party, so much so that one of them, a frank woman, asked her pointedly if she had lost a good place, or if she had been sent for home to wait on some deadly-sick relation, or had she got her pocket picked?

When the neighborhood of London presented itself, with its unmistakable increase of brick and lime, extending farther and farther in new and half-built houses into a waste which is neither town nor country, with ancient country tea-gardens left stranded in an advancing suburb, with cemeteries and breweries and a smoke-cloud—the more perceptible on this occasion that the spring day was sinking down in chill greyness after the fashion of spring days—beginning to be hung out like a grim pall over all, Pleasance did rouse herself from her private troubles.

However pressing these troubles might be, this was London, the great city of the modern world, the first look on which was an event in the life of any creature breathing thoughtful breath—any creature, great or small, young or old, care-laden or care-free.

Pleasance had had her dreams of seeing

London for the first time, as most country bred men and women have had theirs from childhood. Not so long ago she had made her plans to be taken there and shown its wonders by a duly qualified cicerone, who would have delighted in his office, and in whom she could have put boundless faith. The plans had broken down, and it was under such auspices as she never could have anticipated that she, like many another gazer, was catching her earliest glimpse of London—was looking at the ugly wilderness of mean houses which, from whatever side a traveller enters, soonest meets his view, and asking herself could this be great London, great in power, knowledge, and benevolence, the biggest, wealthiest, busiest city in the universe?

Pleasance thought, with a stolen sigh, that she had been right to prefer, when the choice seemed offered to her, a country life to a town life, and to judge that the fate of working-people in all the essentials of air and sunshine, space and nature, was infinitely preferable to what life could be in a huge city, to which necessity and higher wages drew them.

Lastly, a great ache and misery smote her with the vivid comprehension that she had come to that London in which he was dwelling at this very time, but in a region far apart from her, and with which she would have nothing to do.

Pleasance arrived at her station dauntlessly, with no protection save her humble independence, her modest dignity, and a little money in her pocket. She had no idea that she ran any personal risk, that her beautiful face could expose her to annoyance, or that the dozen sovereigns, which she had put into a purse, that was stitched into her pocket, might prove to her a snare rather than a safeguard. She did not know a house to go to in the millions of houses in London, since she had no intention of seeking Archie Douglas in his mother's house, or of applying to Clem Blennerhasset in his boarding-house. What she thought of was to ask some respectable man or woman—she had no fear of not meeting or not knowing such when she did meet him or her—to tell her where she could find a quiet inn for third-class travellers where she might "put up," as she called it, in the mean time.

She was as ignorant of London ways as any foreign girl set down in its thronged and bewildering streets. But intrepid intelligent innocence is its own passport even in London.

Pleasance hit on her respectable man in

one of the railway guards, a circumstance which was so far fortunate for her theory, since in addition to his credited incorruptibility, he was bound by his official duties to help and stand by travellers. "Can you direct me to a quiet inn for third-class travellers where I may get lodgings and will pay my way?" said Pleasance, with that most transparent simplicity of hers.

The man looked at her, thought for an instant, and then called a trusty old porter, who guided her through one or two of the city streets, the noise of which half deafened her, to a comparatively retired back street. There, at the sign of the Yorkshire Grey, was such an old-fashioned inn, as is still the headquarters of some of the carriers' carts which remain on the metropolitan roads.

The place was quiet as Pleasance had wished. It "did" a limited regular business, and was kept by sedate elderly people, a widow and her daughter, punctilious in their line, who, though they laid themselves out for carriers, and were much better accustomed to them than to wandering damsels of any degree, were still not unwilling to admit any respectable guest.

Pleasance had succeeded admirably, considering the chances, even to her instalment in a tidy little bed-room which looked out over an assemblage of roofs to the sky, and outside the window of which there was a box of thyme brought there from a country garden, by a carrier of floral tastes.

Pleasance had nothing more to do than order a cup of tea, and bread and butter, brought to her with an additional offering of watercresses by the staid old landlady herself. When the day was done, she was at liberty to seek what sleep she could find in the excitement of her new surroundings, with the muffled roar of London, and the squalling of back-settlement cats, contending in her ears. She was bound to get rid of her fatigue, and to nerve herself for the arduous undertaking that lay before her.

Though the Yorkshire Grey kept early hours, Pleasance, with her country farmhouse habits, was earlier still, and having dressed and read the lessons which she had learnt to read with Anne at Miss Cayley's, and prayed out of her devout, earnest heart, she was restless for breakfast that she might be stirring. It was not to visit the sights of London — Pleasance's heart was far too full for that. Indeed, with reference to the old plans — old, yet not of a year or half a year's standing — which she had made about London, she

felt rather inclined to grow heart-sick at the thought of the great gardens at Kew, the Crystal Palace, the museums, picture-galleries, and theatres. If it were not to fortify herself against the outcries of such as Lizzie Blennerhasset, she would be tempted not to go near the sights. It was to take some definite step in the fulfilment of her mission, to do something towards freeing herself from being a party to a false concealment, and then to hurry away from London and bury herself once more down in the country, that Pleasance longed.

As soon as Pleasance had breakfasted, she started under the direction of the landlady to walk to the nearest thoroughfare and its first cabstand, when, calling a cab and entering it, she told the driver to take her to some of the fine streets and squares, and past a particular house of which she gave the address. He was then to bring her back to his stand.

Whether the man regarded the order as peculiar or not, he made no demur in obeying it. In the rawness of the morning, while the sun was still fighting a piteous battle with a combination of smoke, fog, and mist, Pleasance was driven by Piccadilly and Park Lane in the first place. She sat and gazed about her with a rush of color to her cheeks, though she was driving there all alone. She marked the entrance to Hyde Park and the Row, where two or three straggling horses were being aired, and where she easily guessed that Archie Douglas must have been riding with his sister and friend, when Clem Blennerhasset saw them. Would they ride there every day, according to the practice of the great folks in novels? But she tried to put away the overpowering vision, with the suggestion which it brought, and to gratify the impulse that had led her there. She could look around and make her observations undisturbed, in the comparative ease and retirement of the cab. It was not to her a shabby ramschackle vehicle given to doubtful freights, drawn by a scarecrow of a horse, and dear at its hire, but as fine and complete an equipage, horse excepted, as it appears to a country child, come to town for its holidays. It would be a privilege to have such a carriage at command for the payment, not of a shilling, but a crown.

Pleasance marvelled and admired, in spite of the asperity which caused her to contrast those hundreds of lordly mansions, not with the hideous dens in the squalid courts of which she had not dreamt, but even with the myriads of mean houses

from which she had shrunk on her entrance into London. She was tempted to think the natural, foolish, short-sighted thought, how could the inhabitants of the one region bear to conceive of the existence of the other? Did they deliberately propose to themselves, like Dives, to take to themselves the good things here, while they left the next world and its chances to their poor brethren?

At last the cabman turned into Grosvenor Square, and Pleasance, sitting far back in the cab and holding her breath, saw an inclosure of large houses with grass and trees in the centre. The door of one mansion was open, and a portly porter, in red breeches and laced coat—the very finest-looking man in point of dress that Pleasance had ever seen—was revealed, already loling in his oaken chair, with his huge morocco-bound book before him. On the steps of another house two exquisites of footmen were airing their perfection of livery.

The particular house in the square was reached. Pleasance's driver passed slowly, while he looked back at her with a significant motion of his whip, and an idle wonder why the dickens this fine-looking, better sort of working-girl, nursery-maid, or shop-woman wanted to look at this house above all others?

Pleasance, now that she was there, hardly dared to glance out and see the spacious front of the house, the great flight of steps to the closed door, and the verandah with its azaleas and rose-bays. The windows airing the rooms within, were thrown wide, and disclosed glimpses of a rich profusion of satin and lace hangings, tall gilt chandeliers like gold trees with gold flowers, pots on pedestals with more growing flowers, and the gleam of a white statue.

Pleasance was not dazzled and abashed by unusual achievements of masonry and upholstery. But she was an imaginative woman, with the union of pride and humility often found in imaginative people. She could appreciate intensely, in a sense, the accompaniments of wealth and station from which she recoiled, and which she rejected absolutely for herself; while she was more convinced than she had ever been that she had neither part nor lot in such matters.

She was forced to come up to London and tell the truth, though it should bring dismay and disaster into this great house. The son of the house had wandered from his sphere, and in his wilful caprice and deceit, and in her ignorance, had com-

passed such a marriage as became neither of them, and Pleasance must publish the marriage, and go back to her elected portion, though he, as well as she, should thenceforth live lonely in his lot. She would never share it with him, to be an affront to his people, even though she should die at last of the honor—not the happiness, like the lady of Burleigh—and thus free him and all concerned from an incubus.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### THE ENCOUNTER IN THE PARK.

THE afternoon had turned out a dry, half-bright, half-cloudy, windy March afternoon. Pleasance made her way alone and on foot, guiding herself by the landmarks that she had noted from the cab, to the Park, on the chance of seeing Archie Douglas there. She was feverishly restless to accomplish her object, and she thought that if she could meet him in the Park, and he would turn aside and speak with her, she might tell him in as few words as she could command what her errand was—that it was right, for his honor and for the good of all, that their marriage should be publicly known, however sharp the penalty to him. She could not help it; she would have spared him if she could; and it would be all that she would ever cause him to suffer. She meant that in the long regret which must be the portion of both their lives, since both were alike spoilt, she would ask nothing further of him, and make no other appeal to him.

She found no impediment to her entrance into the Park, though with other foot-passengers she had to run for her life in crossing the path of the high-bred horses pawing and prancing as they dashed into the drive. She walked along the footway, and gazed wistfully, and yet neither enviously nor covetously, but with a certain combined desire and fear in her eyes, as she had gazed at the houses in the western square in the morning, at the carriage-company and the riders. They seemed to Pleasance very numerous, though Easter was not come, and the Park was only half frequented.

Surely among so many she would find the one she sought, and in the solitude which a crowd afforded, she would be able to walk apart with him a few yards, and tell him what she had to tell without their association, or anything unusual in their aspect towards each other, being remarked upon. She wandered up and down the broad path, keeping near the gate for a

greater precaution—not able to divert her attention for a moment to the budding trees or the spring flower-beds of which Clem Blennerhasset had spoken, incapable of taking her eyes from every carriage-party, or even single horseman that entered, without seeing the face she longed, yet dreaded to see—till she grew weary.

The blustering March wind blew about and battered her, beating in her face, taking away her breath, ruffling her hair and disordering her dress. The fine white dust changed her black clothes to grey, got into her eyes and gritted between her teeth. She could not venture to go into a side walk lest she should miss her aim. It did not enter into her head to sit down, while she reflected that here was nothing of the freedom, freshness, and endless variety of a country walk, and thought that the town was a poor exchange for the country to any class. She began to feel pity for the ladies—many of them with pale, delicate-featured faces like what Anne's had been—half-froiling, half-shivering between the bursts of bright sunshine and the keen wind, as they sat in their furs and silks, going the monotonous round in the carriages.

At last Pleasance's watching eyes lit up with a flash of attainment, while she trembled so that she was forced to stand still.

There was the same group in the very order that Clem Blennerhasset had described it, but Pleasance saw only one member—the one by whom she distinguished the whole. Archie Douglas—whom she had last seen in his working-suit on their wedding-day, with his arms stretched out in a final passionate appeal to her—was there clad as a gentleman riding a spirited horse, and chatting smilingly with his companions on each hand.

Pleasance stood waiting among the little crowd of idlers and spectators of various ranks, but principally of men from clubs, barracks, and offices, that gather about the Park railings on a favorable spring afternoon.

The riding-party was very near her, when she took two or three quick steps forward—so blindly that she was within a hair's breadth of striking against one of the lady's horses, causing it to shy and rear.

"Hie there!" "Hallo, you get out of the way," "Hold on, young woman," was shouted in various keys by the bystanders, including a peremptory policeman. But Archie Douglas was yet quicker and more imperative. He leapt from his horse

on the instant, and motioned to the groom a few paces behind him to take the animal off his hands. His face had changed from the good-natured, quickly interested and amused look which belonged to it as its common expression, to an eager flush of excitement and disturbance.

His sister, whose horse had been the one startled, mistook his action. "Why have you got off, Archie?" she called to him as she continued to pat the neck of her restive horse. "There is no need; Lady Alice has come to herself; it was just a jib at that unlucky woman."

The policeman was reminding Pleasance, in a forcible manner, that she was invading forbidden territory, and must keep to her own ground, that of the pedestrians. "You ain't to walk under the 'osses' noses. What do you expect? If you want to cross, there is room enough, if you look for it."

"I don't want to cross," said Pleasance distinctly, in the hearing of all the curious bystanders, prepared to take a lively interest in the altercation and the scene generally. "I have business with that gentleman."

Archie Douglas was acknowledging the business by the energy with which he was getting rid of his horse, and bidding his sister and her friend ride on.

"But what can she seek, Archie?" the matter-of-fact young sister, not to be set aside, persisted in asking. "Is she from Shardleigh? Why does she stop us here?"

"Come away, Jane," said her more tractable companion; "leave Mr. Douglas to settle his business."

But Jane Douglas did not stir.

The ring forming an audience, among whom were some personal acquaintances of Archie Douglas, was rapidly taking in all the bearings of the case. The investigation, passing from Pleasance's dusty common black woollen gown and jacket, and dowdy straw bonnet, to her youth and beauty—when one came to remark it—and to the manifest trouble in her face, was ending in one miserable conclusion.

"Do come away, Jane," urged Miss Wyndham in a low tone, "we are not wanted here;" while she said to herself, "The stupid, stubborn little goose, she will cause a greater *esclandre* where Archie is concerned than anything that has gone before."

The policeman, in the interests of society, was as pressing in his efforts to get Pleasance to move on or off, and leave the Row clear, for other riders were coming up,



to whom the stoppage must prove an impediment. "Come, come, young 'oman, you hadn't ought to think of transacting bizzness here. You must seek the gent, if so be you have anything to say to him, some other wheres, and you and he can speak private."

Pleasance lifted up her head. Instinctively she penetrated the shameful misconception put upon her relations with Archie Douglas. Some painful experience in the class in which she had lived might have taught even her modesty to fear it beforehand; but the apprehension had not occurred to her before. The blood rushed to her cheeks, adding tenfold to her beauty under all its disadvantages. She looked indignantly full in the faces — pitying, condemning, amused — all bent on her; she turned with swift piteous appeal to Archie Douglas.

If he faltered or failed her at that critical moment, she would despise him from the bottom of her heart then and forever; she would know a depth of misery which she had not yet fathomed, inasmuch as contempt is an infinitely lower abyss than wrath.

But Archie Douglas, however he might err, was far enough from a coward. He took the one brave step that was open to him, without a second's hesitation. He went up to the policeman and tapped him on the shoulder. "My man," he said, in a clear, audible voice, "you would not come between man and wife?" He looked round on his thunderstruck sister. "Jane," he said in an accent so decided that it sounded cool, "you must know that there are stronger claims upon me than even yours and Miss Wyndham's. But you need not ride home unattended; there is General Protheroe from his afternoon whist," and he indicated a grey-haired officer advancing to salute them with military precision, and in profound ignorance of the scene on which he was about to break in. He was hailed by Archie Douglas. With a steadiness and calmness that only well-read students of human nature could refer to the pitch of excitement, he said, "General, may I ask you to ride on with my sister and Miss Wyndham, and see them home (I think my mother has been expecting a visit from her old friend ever since we came to town). I have to look after Mrs. Douglas."

"Mrs. Douglas! Who? Where?" cried the general, gazing about him in a bewildered manner, and neglecting his courteous assurances of pride and pleasure in the commission summarily entrust-

ed to him. "I thought you meant that I was to take the young ladies to Grosvenor Place, and meet Mrs. Douglas there?"

"So you will, I hope, but there may be more than one Mrs. Douglas," replied Archie Douglas, with a somewhat spasmodic smile, as he drew Pleasance's arm within his, before she knew what he was about, and walked away with her, leaving the liveliest sensation and dismay behind them.

Rica Wyndham broke the spell. "General Protheroe," she said, "don't you think this is not a day for sitting still in the open air for five minutes? I am dying with cold, and even my poor horse is beginning to shiver. Let me have a canter."

The gallant general took the cue with the alacrity and intrepidity of a soldier, and complied at once with the young lady's request — Jane Douglas being under the necessity of riding on with the others, as if they fled from the thrills and shrugs and amazed tumult, which the electric shock of her brother's wild words had occasioned.

Almost before the girl could think, the spectators of the scene, with their tell-tale faces, were left far behind. Amidst the familiar features of the park, with their special conventionality, Jane would have been tempted to accuse her eyes and ears of grossly deceiving her, and her imagination of having conjured up an outrageously improbable incident, if she had not retained evidence to the contrary in the continued absence of her brother, and in the sight, when she chose to look over her shoulder, of Evans, the groom, still encumbered with the led horse.

The rapid riding hindered speaking. When the party at last slackened their pace, Rica Wyndham and General Protheroe, though one of them had experienced a sharp disappointment, fell immediately into the polite hypocrisy of speaking on entirely neutral and uninteresting topics.

But Jane Douglas was very young, and, as far as a girl of her position and prospects could be, very new to the world; and she seized the first opportunity, when General Protheroe rode aside for a moment to put his hand on his daughter-in-law's carriage door and exchange a few words with her, to adjure her friend, "What on earth can it mean, Rica? Archie could not be joking in such horribly bad taste — it would not be a bit like him — and he looked quite in earnest."

"I should leave the matter to him, dear, if I were you," replied Rica Wyndham in



a lightly soothing, indifferent tone, admirably assumed. "Let him explain it as he pleases and when he pleases, or let him leave it unexplained. There are circumstances in which curiosity is dangerous and a tremendous blunder, especially on the part of us girls. You are a dear little girl, Jane, and are not supposed to know anything of the world—no more am I, though I am older, and have been out for two seasons. All I know is, that we must be careful to preserve unimpaired the charming bloom of our ignorance."

Jane Douglas was not a fool. She understood that Rica implied that Jane's brother Archie had some secret which it would be no credit any more than it would be a satisfaction for him to divulge.

Jane's heart burnt hotly within her. She was sufficiently trained and tutored not to say straight out to Rica Wyndham that she, Jane, hated Rica for her speech; but Jane did hate Rica at the moment, when, with grave youthful dignity, not unbecoming, she attempted to rebuke her companion.

"You are quite mistaken, Rica, so far as my brother Archie is concerned. He has no secrets from mamma and me—at least,"—for there smote upon Jane the recollection that Archie had certainly had a secret from his family within the last few months, but she managed to finish with unabated confidence and sisterly pride,—*"I am sure there is no act of Archie's which he might not proclaim before the whole world."*

"I am glad to hear it," said Rica Wyndham, with a little additional curl of the fine lips that curled so naturally; "but I think you might be satisfied with having such a paragon of a brother, and not seek to quarrel with me on his behalf. Poor me! I confess I have not very much faith in paragons, perhaps less than in ordinary mortals like my brother Tom, who is good enough as brothers go, but who is certainly not calculated to diminish my unbelief."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

CORRESPONDENCE \* BETWEEN SCHILLER  
AND THE DUKE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

*Edited for the First Time from the Ducal Family Archives.*

If, in the noisy, deafening hurry of the times in which we live, we are able now

\* *Schiller's Briefwechsel mit dem Herzog Fried-*

and then to win for ourselves a few quiet hours to turn over the pages of the journals of our fathers and grandfathers of about a century back, we find ourselves in a world which seems more like poetry than reality. Not only do the men and women appear to be of a different race, but a different spirit animates their life, their feelings, their thoughts, their deeds. Just as the Greeks talked of a golden age, to distinguish it from the iron present, so we feel that the men of a hundred years since were made of very different stuff from us. Souls like Goethe and Schiller could hardly breathe in our atmosphere—things which were possible in that time are scarcely conceivable to us. The world has become hard and iron—then it was soft and golden. Men had wings, and faith in the ideal, and, borne aloft on these pinions, they soared above the rugged path of life, their eyes fixed on the clear sky, the superterrestrial, the eternal. We plod on foot through thick and thin, along the straight, dusty highway of our business and calling, and our eyes can scarcely perceive the old bridge over which at length, whether we will or no, we pass into the clear sky, the superterrestrial, the eternal.

If any one wishes vividly to realize what a beautiful world lies buried there, how little, yet how great, is the golden age of a hundred years back, let him go, after a crowded party in one of our largest cities, where we have everything which money can buy, everything but true men—let him go for once to the old fairy town of Weimar. Remembering the magic pictures of its youth, such as he had drawn from Goethe's and Schiller's own description, let him look for the palaces and villas, the bright windows, the flights of steps, with their niches and pillars, for the art-treasures, weapons, natural curiosities, and books,—let him descend into the vault, the richest on earth, where the Duke Karl August rests, with Goethe and Schiller on either side,—and he will be filled with astonishment and dismay when he perceives the smallness and poverty of the stage on which those heroes once acted their part. In this small room Schiller lived, in that bed Goethe slept. Now, no servant would be satisfied with such accommodation. And yet here, where

*rich Christian von Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. Eingeleitet und herausgegeben von P. Max Müller. Berlin, 1875.*

Duke Friedrich Christian was the grandfather of the prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and it was chiefly due to the exertions of H. R. H. that Schiller's letters, long supposed to be lost, were discovered in the family archives.

everything now seems so small, so quiet, so dull, at one time the waves of thought foamed and sparkled till their dancing motion, in ever-widening circles, beat on the remotest shores of the earth. Here glowed that beautiful and divine spark, delight in life; here high spirits raged; here love revelled; here genius careered, till everyday spirits closed their eyes in alarm, and stood aside; and yet here everything before the sun reached its meridian height, became clear and calm — a "wide, still sea, a happy, glorious sail."

Yes, life was there and then as rich, and sunny, and heavenly as men ever can make it, through themselves, through genius, and art, and love. Shadows and darkness were not wanting even then, for great men cannot always be great, and when they fall, "great is the fall thereof."

Goethe had his cold, repellent hours. He could play the privy counsellor even towards Schiller. But who could triumph more nobly over his own weaknesses than Goethe, when he recognized in the long-avoided Schiller the long-sought-for equal and friend?

Schiller, too, suffered from attacks of narrow-mindedness. Sometimes he longs for Goethe; then, again, he is miserable when near him. At times he rejoiced in the halo of the court; then, again, he mourned over the self-deception which made him see ordinary things in a false radiance. Schiller's mind suffered from Schiller's body; and how truly and touchingly he expresses the consciousness of his own weakness, the sufferings and struggles of his genius, when he says, "How difficult it is for a suffering man to be a good man!"

It is true that Wieland in youth, as in old age, was full of weaknesses; but where do we find now such a delightful old man as he was, bearing everything, ready to forgive even unmerited blame, prizing and praising the old and the past, but at the same time hoping all that was beautiful for the future? How characteristic of him, the favorite of the grandmother, when in his seventy-second year he exclaimed, on the arrival of the grand duchess Maria Paulowna, the bride of her grandson, the hereditary prince of Weimar, "I thank heaven that I have been allowed to live long enough to enjoy the blessed vision of such an angel in human form. With her a new epoch will surely begin for Weimar; she will, through her powerful influence, carry on, and bring to higher perfection, the work which Amalia began more than forty years ago."

Herder was proud, often discontented, perhaps not altogether free from that worst of all human passions, envy; but the old giant mind always breaks through; and where have we now a general-superintendent so ready to recognize the divine afflatus in all poetry, the heavenly spirit of religion, the Godlike in everything human?

No doubt there are still many "beautiful souls" as well as mischievous ladies-in-waiting; but where shall we find a gnome like Mlle. Göchhausen? or where a soul formed of such fine-grained marble as Frau von Stein?

German thrones are not wanting in brave and gifted princesses; but where is there an Amalia or Louisa? We have princes who would be more than princes; but where is the robust strength, the life, the truth, the honesty of a Karl August?

Men dared much in those days. Why? Because they trusted themselves, and, still more, others. They created the greatest from the smallest. The soul still possessed the magic power which raises everything earthly to heavenly, which feels life to be the most beautiful gift of God, that cannot be enough loved and prized, or, as long as it lasts, be enough enjoyed in all its fulness.

In order to estimate this heroic past of the German people at its full value, it is not necessary to depreciate the present more than it really deserves. It is only necessary for the historian to establish the fact that those heroes were of other mould and grain than we are.

Our life has become more quiet, but at the same time more earnest; harder, but also more enduring; we have less kindly light, but also fewer false meteors; less laughter and enjoyment, but perhaps also fewer tears and sighs. Not only the old people, but even the young, and possibly these latter, even more than the former, are grown old with the century. Still, let us hope, in spite of all this, as old Wieland did, for a new youth for German genius, more beautiful even than that which dazzles us in the works of our classic writers. And if we ourselves long for youthful courage and vigor, let us draw refreshment, even in these barren days, from the living fountain of history, which revives us as does the memory of the beautiful dreams of youth, and transports all who desire it into a world where weary souls may find rest and cheerfulness and strength.

It is not a hundred years ago since the Danish poet Baggesen got up a festival, the description of which, whenever we

come across it in the numerous accounts of Schiller's life, always appears as a mere myth. The enthusiastic Dane had, in the year 1790, on his way home from Switzerland, made a pilgrimage to Jena, in order to make personal acquaintance with Professor Schiller. Schiller himself was unwell, and somewhat cold towards his overpoweringly enthusiastic Danish visitor. Baggesen, however, formed a close friendship with Reinhold, and from him learnt the narrow circumstances of Schiller and his young wife. On his return to Copenhagen, Baggesen preached of Schiller, and nothing but Schiller. How he did it we may picture to ourselves when we read how he jumbled up together "our philosophical Messiahs, Christ and Kant, and Schiller and Reinhold." Still, however, he preached on, and found listeners, whom he soon converted to his own faith, and among them the Danish minister of state, Count Schimmelmann, and his wife; but above all others, Duke Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. Baggesen was not content to read Schiller's works aloud; he bethought him of a Schiller festival, which should be celebrated in June at Hellebek, a beautifully situated sea-place, a few miles north of Copenhagen, "by the thundering ocean." There the "Ode to Joy" should be sung, and scenes from Schiller's works read and acted; every one should revel in nature and poetry, as they knew how in those days, not only in Germany, but in Denmark.

But suddenly, just as they were starting, the news reached Copenhagen that Schiller was dead, a report which was widely circulated throughout Germany at the same time. Baggesen, overpowered with grief, threw himself into the arms of his wife. But the friends would not console themselves at home, they must reach the "thundering ocean." All the preparations for the festival were made, and, though the skies seemed lowering, and a storm raged, they all started for Hellebek to transform the festival into a funeral feast.

The sky cleared whilst they were on the road, the sea sparkled in the sunshine, the lofty Kullen rose majestically on the Swedish coast, and the friends sat down to feast with sad and solemn feelings. They gradually recovered from their calamity—ministers and poets, with their wives and friends, warmed over the sparkling wine, and when the right moment arrived, Baggesen rose and recited the lost poet's "Ode to Joy"—"Joy, thou beauteous divine spark"—to the assembled friends; musical choirs, hidden in the

bushes, joined in; and, in conclusion, Baggesen added the following two verses:—

## SOLO.

Take, dead friend, this friendly greeting!  
All ye friends rejoice and sing;  
Here in our Elysian meeting,  
May his spirit round us cling.

## CHORUS.

Lift your hearts and hands in union,  
Drink this full and sparkling wine,  
Till we meet in new communion,  
Thou art ours, and we are thine.

Even this was not quite enough. Shepherds and shepherdesses appeared in ballet dress, and executed a round dance; and all this under the blue sky. They read, they sang, they rejoiced, they wept, and knew not how to separate. The funeral feast lasted three whole days!

Does not this sound like Greek mythology? And yet it is only eighty years ago since ministers of state and their friends could celebrate such a *fête* in the open air. This festival was much ridiculed, and yet we owe to it the most perfect, the richest fruits of Schiller's genius. Schiller was indeed dangerously ill at that time, and even when he recovered his mind was weary to death. He was nearly dying of starvation in the desert of life. It is true that he returned to Jena, strengthened by the Karlsbad, as he calls it; but his sky was overcast with heavy clouds of care, and it seemed as if "Don Carlos" would be the last effort of his genius. Just at this moment arrived a letter from Baggesen to Reinhold, describing the funeral feast of the yet living poet. The letter was shown to Schiller, and convinced him that he, the unfortunate, the self-desponding, was honored and loved far and near. "I doubt," writes Reinhold, "whether any medicine could have done him so much good."

But yet more beautiful and fresh "blossoms as of nectar" were to bloom for Schiller on the distant Danish shore. Baggesen told the minister all that he had heard of Schiller's miserable circumstances, the minister mentioned it to the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and on the 27th of November, 1791, a joint letter was sent to Schiller, which whenever we read it fills us with admiration, not only for the generous liberality, but still more the exalted, noble minds, the refined tact, and the warm love of man shown by these two men.

There are plenty of men now who in private make the same use of their wealth.

A large sum was once intrusted to me, in strict confidence, for a like purpose, and I can truly say with a like good result. But where is the duke, where is the minister, who nowadays would write such a letter? And it must not be supposed that this letter was drawn up by some clever private secretary. I give it here for the first time, from the draft in the duke's handwriting, without altering the orthography or style of the original. I will only state that some passages are here given for the first time in their correct form. Thus, for instance, in the first sentence the duke wrote—"the lofty flight of your genius, which stamps many of your more recent works as among the most eminent of all human works." Like a sensible man, he does not avoid using the same word twice or even three times when the same thought has to be expressed as often. Only a schoolboy would imagine something would be gained by substituting another word for the second "works." Yet in printing the letter, either "endeavors," which has no meaning, was used instead of "works," or the word was left out altogether. A paragraph further on has met with still worse treatment. The duke speaks of a respectful hesitation inspired by Schiller's delicate sensibility. He then goes on: "This" (*i.e.* Schiller's delicate sensibility) "would frighten us, did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even to this virtue of noble and cultivated souls, which it may not overstep without offence to reason." This is clearly thought out, and sharply expressed. Instead of this we read in former editions: "This would frighten us did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even in virtue to noble and cultivated souls," etc. This is as poor and confused in idea as in expression.

But here is the whole letter:—

*Letter from the DUKE and COUNT SCHIMMELMANN to SCHILLER.*

(*From a transcript of the rough draft in the duke's handwriting.*)

Two friends bound together simply as brothers and citizens of the same world, address this writing to you, noble man. They are both of them unknown to you, but they both of them honor and love you. They both admire the lofty flight of your genius, which stamps many of your more recent works as among the most eminent of all human works. They found in these works, the disposition of mind, the feeling, the enthusiasm which was the foundation of their own friendship, and they soon accustomed themselves to the idea of looking upon the author as a member of their friendly league. Great therefore was their sorrow at the news of his death, and their tears were not

the least abundant among the great number of good men who know and love him. This vivid interest with which you have inspired us, noble and honored man, will save us from appearing to you as indiscreetly obtrusive. May it also prevent any mistake as to the intention of this letter. We draw it up with respectful hesitation, inspired by your delicate sensibility. This would frighten us, did we not know that a certain limit is prescribed even to this virtue of noble and cultivated souls, which it may not overstep without offence to reason.

Your health, injured by all-too-hurried efforts and work, requires, so we are told, perfect rest for a while, if it is to be restored and the danger averted, which now threatens your life—but your situation, your circumstances, prevent you from giving yourself this rest. Will you allow us the pleasure of aiding you in the enjoyment of this? We offer you, for this purpose, for three years, an annual present of one thousand thaler.\*

Accept this offer, noble man! Do not let the sight of our titles move you to refuse. We know what value to set on them. We only pride ourselves on being men, citizens of the great republic, whose boundaries embrace more than the life of single generations, more than the boundaries of one globe. You are only dealing here with men, your brothers, not with haughty grandees, who in making such use of their wealth indulge in a higher kind of pride.

Where you will enjoy this rest must depend on yourself. Here, with us, you would not fail in finding what you need for the requirements of your mind, in a capital which is the seat of government and also a great commercial city, and which possesses very valuable libraries. Esteem and friendship would strive on many sides to make the stay in Denmark agreeable to you, for we are not the only ones who know and love you. And if when your health is restored you should wish to enter the service of our country, it would not be difficult for us to gratify such a wish.

But we are not so selfish and narrow-minded as to make a condition of such a change of abode. We leave this entirely to your free choice. We wish to preserve to mankind one of its teachers, and to this wish every other consideration must be subordinate.

Schiller accepted the offer, and any one who carefully notices Schiller's spirits before and after the receipt of this letter must see clearly that we owe his recovery, his renewed vigor, the fresh development of his creative activity, entirely to the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann. We do not by this mean to reflect in the least on the conduct of the duke of Weimar or of Schiller's friends, and especially of Körner.

They did what they could, Körner even more than he could. But in everything they did for him Schiller felt the burden of obligation. Here the rescue came as from heaven; nay, better than from heaven, it came from men who loved and honored him, who were personally strangers to him, but from men who were just what he, the poet, had imagined in his Marquis Posa. The gift made him rich, not poor. The burden of gratitude did not oppress him, it only roused and incited him to prove himself by fresh work the more worthy of the love of his unknown friends. "I have to show my gratitude," he wrote, "not to you but to mankind. This is the common altar on which you lay your gift and I my thanks." What Schiller himself felt at this turning-point of his life we hitherto knew principally from his letter to Baggesen, and this, for the sake of completeness, must be reprinted here. It is dated December 16, 1791.

## II.

*Letter from SCHILLER to BAGGESEN.*

JENA, Dec. 16, 1791.

How shall I succeed, my dear and highly valued friend, in describing the feelings which have arisen in me since I received that letter? Astonished and overwhelmed as I am by its contents, do not expect anything collected from me. My heart alone is still able to speak, and even it will be but badly aided by a head as weak as mine now is. I cannot better reward a heart like yours for the loving interest it takes in the state of my mind, than by raising the proud satisfaction, which the noble and unique action of your admirable friends must have afforded you, to the purest joy, by the agreeable conviction that their benevolent intention is perfectly fulfilled.

Yes, my dear friend, I accept the offer of the Prince of H. and Count S. with a thankful heart, not because the graceful manner in which it was made overpowers all other considerations, but because a duty which is above all other considerations impels me to do so. To do and to be that which, according to the measure of power given me, I can do and be, is to me the highest and most indispensable of all duties. But hitherto my outward circumstances have made this altogether impossible, and only a distant and still uncertain future inspires me with better hopes. The generous assistance of your exalted friends suddenly places me in a position to develop all that lies in me, to make myself all that I can become—therefore no choice remains to me. That the excellent prince, while deciding of his own accord to amend that for me which fate left to be desired, yet by the noble manner in which he does it spares me all sensi-

tiveness, which might have made the decision difficult to me, that he allows me to obtain this important amelioration of my circumstances without any struggle with myself, increases my gratitude immensely, and makes me at the same time rejoice at the kind heart of its author.

A morally admirable act like the one which suggested that letter does not derive its worth only from its results; even if it failed entirely in its aim, it would itself remain what it was. But if the act of a large-minded heart is at the same time the needed link in a chain of events, if it alone was wanting in order to make some good possible, if it, the fair offspring of freedom, settles a tangled fate as though it had long been destined by Providence for this very purpose, then it belongs to the fairest phenomena that can touch a feeling heart. I must and will tell you how much that was the case here.

From the birth of my mind, up to the moment when I write this, I have struggled with fate, and ever since I knew how to value freedom of thought I have been doomed to live without it. A rash step ten years ago deprived me forever of the means of living except by literary labor. I had adopted this calling before I understood all it entailed, or perceived all its difficulties. The necessity of pursuing this path was laid upon me before I was fit for it in knowledge or ripeness of mind. That I felt this, that my ideal of literary duties was not restricted within the same narrow bounds in which I was myself confined, I acknowledge as a favor from heaven, which thus kept open to me the possibility of higher progress, and yet in my circumstances it only increased my misery. I saw that all that I gave to the world was unripe and far beneath the ideal that lived in me; notwithstanding all presentiment of possible perfection, I had to hurry before the eyes of the public with immature fruit; in need of teaching myself, I had against my will to put myself forward as a teacher of mankind. Under these miserable circumstances, each only moderately successful product made me feel more painfully how many germs fate had smothered in me. The masterworks of other writers made me miserable, because I renounced the hope of ever sharing their happy leisure, through which alone works of genius can come to perfection. What would I not have given for two or three quiet years, free from all literary work, which I might have devoted to study only, to the cultivation of my mind, to the maturing of my ideas. It is impossible in our German literary world, as I now know, to satisfy the strict requirements of art, and at the same time to provide the necessary support for one's literary industry. For two years I have exerted myself to combine both, but doing so even in an imperfect degree has cost me my health. Interest in my work, and some sweet flowers of life, which fate strewn on my path, concealed this loss from me, till early in this year, I was—you know how?—aroused from my dream,



At a time when life was beginning to show me its full importance, when I found myself just able to join reason and fancy within my mind in a tender and lasting union, when I was girding myself for a new undertaking in the province of art—death threatened me. This danger passed, but I woke to new life, only to renew the conflict with fate, with weakened powers and diminished hopes. Thus the letter which came from Denmark found me. Forgive, my dear friend, these details about myself. They are only to enable you to judge of the effect which the generous offer of the prince and Count S. produced on me. I see myself, through it, suddenly enabled to realize the plans for myself which my fancy had pictured in its happiest moments. I possess at length the long and ardently desired freedom of spirit, the perfectly free choice of my literary activity. I gain leisure, through which I may regain my lost health; and even should this not be, my illness will not in future be increased by the anxieties of my mind. I look cheerfully on the future; and although it should prove that my expectations as to myself were only pleasant deceptions, by which my oppressed pride revenged itself on fate, at all events my perseverance shall not be wanting to justify the hopes which two admirable citizens of our century have founded on me. As my lot does not permit me to act beneficially in their way, I will try to do so in the only manner that is allowed me—and may the germ which they planted develop itself in me to a fair harvest for the good of mankind!

I come to the second half of your wish—dear and valued friend; why cannot I fulfil this as quickly as the first? No one can suffer more than I do, from the impossibility of undertaking the journey to you as soon as you wish. You can judge from the longing of my heart for truly good and noble society which meets with little here to satisfy it, with what impatience I should hasten to the circle of such men as await me in Copenhagen—if it depended only on my own decision. But besides that my still unsettled health would not allow me in the least to fix a time when I could undertake so important a change in my life, and that I must probably next summer again visit the Karlsbad, I am in such a position as regards the duke of Weimar, whose fault it certainly is not, that I do not enjoy more leisure, as obliges me for at least a year to appear as an active member of the academy, however certain I may be that I can never be a useful one. Then he would certainly not oppose my wish to leave the university for a time. Were I but once with you, the genius which presides over all good things would surely settle the rest.

Till then, dear friend, let us be as united as fate allows at a distance. To correspond with you, and rekindle my half dead spirit from your fresh and fiery genius, will be a constant necessity to my heart. Never during my lifetime shall I forget the friendly, the important service which, without this object, you

rendered me on my return to life. Hardly had I begun to get better when I heard of the expedition to Hellebek; and soon after Reinhold showed me your letter. It was like fresh flowers, full of nectar, presented by a heavenly genius to the scarcely revived soul. Oh, I can never tell you what you were to me! And that expedition itself! It was intended for the departed, and the living will never venture to dwell on it. Forgive this long letter, my admirable friend, which unfortunately treats of little but myself. But it may serve as an opening of our correspondence; that you may once for all become acquainted with me, and then the I can henceforth be kept out of sight. Forgive me, too, for having without any preliminaries claimed all the rights of a friendship which I ought to try to deserve by a series of proofs. In such a world as that from whence that letter came, other laws are honored than the decrees of petty prudence which rule in real life. All hearty greeting to your dear Sophie from my Lottie and from me, and tell her to be ready to listen graciously to a correspondent who means soon to intrude herself upon her. Like two bright visions, you both floated past us swiftly, but never to be forgotten. The forms have long vanished, but our eyes follow them still.

Ever yours,

SCHILLER.

Whenever I came to read this letter, I always felt what a loss it was that the correspondence between the duke and Schiller was nowhere to be found. It is known that such a correspondence was carried on for a considerable time, and that Schiller's "Æsthetic Letters" were first of all composed in letters to the duke. It was said that the whole correspondence had been lost in the fire at the palace of Copenhagen. But the correspondence was carried on even after the fire. What, therefore, had become of these later letters? I sought in vain for information, until at last, when publishing an "Essay on Schiller" ("Chips from a German Workshop," vol. iii., p. 76), I applied to the duke's grandson, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and begged H.R.H. to permit a search to be made for these letters in the archives of the ducal family. Prince Christian, as well as his elder brother, the present duke of Schleswig-Holstein, took the warmest interest in the matter, and I can now present Schiller's admirers with at least a few of the supposed lost letters. Many are still wanting; and it is hoped that here and there letters may yet be discovered. But what has already been found must no longer be kept from the public, and, by permission of the duke, is therefore here published.

The following is the first letter ad-



dressed by Schiller to the duke and Count Schimmelmänn, three days after he had written to Baggesen:—

## III.

*Letter from SCHILLER to the DUKE and COUNT SCHIMMELMANN.*

Allow me to address you together, as my revered friends, and thus to join two noble names in one, in that name under which you have joined yourselves in addressing me. The occasion which prompts me to take this liberty is itself so astonishing an exception to all custom, that I must tremble lest I tarnish the pure and ideal relation in which you approach me by too much regard to accidental distinctions.

At a time when the remains of a serious illness overclouded my soul, and frightened me with a dark and sad future, you, like two protecting genii, stretched out a hand to me from the clouds. The generous offer which you make me fulfils, yes, exceeds my boldest desires. The manner in which you make it frees me from the dread of showing myself unworthy of your kindness, whilst accepting this proof of it. I should blush, if in such an offer I could think of anything but the pure love of humanity, which prompts it, and of the moral good it is to effect. I hope that I can accept as simply and nobly as you give. Your intention is to help on what is good. Could I have any feeling of shame about anything, it would be that you have mistaken the instrument you employ to effect that good. But the motive which permits me to accept, justifies me to myself, and allows me, though fettered by the highest obligations, to appear before you with perfect freedom of sentiment. I have to pay my debts not to you, but to mankind. This is the common altar on which you lay your gift, and I my thanks. I know, most honored friends, that the conviction only that I understand you can perfectly satisfy you; for this reason, and for this alone, I allow myself to say this.

But the great share which your too partial favor towards me has in your generous determination, the prerogative which you give me, in preference to so many others, of considering myself as the instrument of your noble intentions, the goodness with which you descend to the petty wants of a citizen of the world who is a stranger to you, lay me under personal obligations to you, and add to my reverence and admiration the feelings of warmest affection. How proud I feel, that you should think of me in a bond which is consecrated by the noblest of all aims, and which springs from enthusiasm for the good, the great, and the beautiful!

But how far is the enthusiasm, which shows itself in deeds, higher than that which must limit itself to rousing others to deeds! To arm truth and virtue with the victorious power which enables them to subdue the heart, is all

that the philosopher and the dramatic artist can effect—how far different is it to realize the ideal of both in a noble life! I must here answer you with the words of Fiesco, with which he dismisses the pride of an artist: "You have *done*, what I could only *paint*."

But even if I could forget that I am myself the object of your kindness, that I owe to you the happy prospect of the accomplishment of my projects, I should still be indebted to you in no common degree. An apparition such as yours to me rekindled my faith in good and noble men, destroyed by the numerous examples of the opposite in real life. It is an inexpressible delight to the painter of humanity to meet in real life with the lineaments of that ideal which must exist in his own mind, and forms the groundwork of his descriptions.

But I feel how much I lose in accepting the great obligations you lay me under. I thus lose the happy power of giving utterance to my admiration, and of praising so disinterested and beautiful a deed with feelings equally disinterested. Your generous help will make it possible to present to you in person him whom you have laid under such deep obligations. I see myself placed by it in a position to regain gradually my health, and to bear the difficulties of a journey, and the difference of life and of climate. At present I am still liable to relapse into an illness which prevents the enjoyment of the purest joys of life, and which will leave me as slowly as it came. Among the many sacrifices which it entails upon me, it is not the least that it postpones the happy time when living sight and intercourse will bind me, with a thousand bonds that can never be broken, to two hearts, which now, like heaven, bless me from a distance, and which, like heaven, are further than my thanks can reach. To live in this beautiful future, and in thoughts and dreams to anticipate that moment, will till then be the dearest employment of your deeply indebted and ever grateful,

FRIDR. SCHILLER.

JENA, Dec. 19, 1791.

The answer of the duke, then still the hereditary prince of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, is in the private possession of a collector of autographs, and unfortunately inaccessible to me. It is dated January 7, 1792.

In the August of 1793, Schiller received another letter from the duke, but this letter, as well as Schiller's answer, are lost. Six other letters, written by Schiller in the course of the winter from Ludwigsburg to Copenhagen, have also disappeared, but there is hope that they may be found. The next letter we have is one from Schiller, of June 10, 1794, as an answer to a letter from the duke of April 4 of the same year, which is in the possession of a collector, and will soon be published. But an earlier letter of the duke's does not appear to have reached Schiller,

and he excuses himself on this point to the duke.

## IV.

## SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, — The gracious letter of your Highness to me, of the 4th April of this year, which was inclosed to Counsellor Reinhold, was, on account of the earlier departure of the latter from this neighborhood, despatched to Kiel, and from thence again hither, where it reached my hands only a few days ago. This is the reason, gracious prince, that I am able to answer its contents only to-day.

Your Highness mentions in it a letter to me, which I have never answered. This perplexes me, as I know of no later letter from your Highness to me than the one forwarded after me in August of last year to Swabia. But that this letter was not left unanswered I see from a copy which I kept of my letter, and a series of six other letters which I sent in the course of last winter from Ludwigsburg to Your Highness, containing the continuation of my remarks on the beautiful and the sublime. Therefore either my letters, or that of your Highness to me, must have been lost. The former loss is not very important, the less so as I can replace all my letters from copies; but every line from your Highness to me, which I fail to receive, is a loss which nothing can repay me.

The news of the unfortunate fire in Copenhagen, which reduced the royal palace to ashes, upset me very much, and all the more so, that I felt sure this calamity must touch your Highness nearly. The wise and generous use which you always make of your wealth turns every calamity which you suffer into a misfortune for thousands. But every friend of Denmark, and especially every citizen of the world, must be satisfied with the decrees of Providence, in seeing the good moral effects produced by this physical evil; for the love of a good people for its rulers, shown on this occasion in so splendid a way, is a far greater possession than anything which could fall a prey to the flames. This fine trait in the Danish burghers, and the remarks of your Highness on it, interested me so much that I should like to ask your permission to make public use of the same, for it contains a good hint for all governments, and is a beautiful testimony to that of Denmark.

Your Highness' wish to possess the letters from me that are lost is most flattering to me, and I will lose no time in fulfilling it. How willingly would I, did circumstances permit, give up my whole literary activity, in order to devote myself to the agreeable occupation of communicating my thoughts to you without reserve! Everything that I discover or create should take shape in a letter to your Highness, and in your soul, so sensitive to truth and beauty, I should joyfully store up each creation of my spirit and each thought of my

heart — a happiness for which I have often envied Baggesen.

With sentiments of the purest respect and devotion, I remain

Your Highness' most obedient,

FR. SCHILLER.

JENA, June 10, 1794.

The next letter from Schiller, of January 20, 1795, contains the poet's congratulations on the appointment of the duke as minister of instruction in Denmark.

Schiller at the same time asks permission to dedicate to his benefactor in a new and more perfect form the letters he had written to the duke, and which had been destroyed in the fire.

## V.

## SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE, — I have with the liveliest sympathy, which I feel for everything affecting the good of mankind, heard of the happy change which has opened to your Highness a sphere of activity so suitable to your great merit and so fitted to your beneficent inclinations. The welfare of many is now in your hands, and your large and noble heart, which from its own free impulse was always acting for the good of mankind, has now received from Providence a public charge, and a worthy sphere for such activity. How highly should I extol the fate of my German fellow-citizens, if it were always committed to the guidance of such a prince; and with what surety might one answer for the fulfilment of all that happiness of the people, which hitherto, alas! is only an idea of the philosopher and a dream of the poet.

The consideration I am bound to show to the delicacy of your feelings does not permit me to enlarge the picture which my prophetic imagination promises itself from the rule of a prince as full of feeling as of philosophic thought. But my heart has spoken in the characters of Don Carlos and Posa, and what I then only dreamt as a poet I here, as the contemporary of Frederick Christian, utter with the firmest conviction that all the good that circumstances can make possible will be realized by you and in your sphere of work.

It has long been my wish to give public expression to the feelings of veneration and thankfulness with which your Highness has in so high a degree inspired me; but I would only do so in a work that should not be unworthy of your honored name. All my powers have long been directed to this work, and unless I utterly fail in carrying out to some degree the ideal which I have set before me, I shall beg your Highness for the gracious permission to crown such a work with your name.

When I began last year to prepare a copy of my letters lost in Copenhagen, I perceived so many imperfections in them, that I could not allow myself to place them again in your

Highness' hand in their first form. I therefore began a revision, which led me further than I expected, and the wish to produce something worthy of your approbation induced me not merely to give a totally new form to those letters, but also to enlarge the plan of them considerably.

Of this new edition a few letters are printed in the volume which I respectfully inclose to your Highness, that I may learn the opinion of a judge before putting the last touch to the whole. May you, gracious prince, perceive in this slight specimen my earnest endeavor to impart to a work, which I venture to address to you, all the perfection possible.

With deepest devotion and veneration, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,  
F. SCHILLER.

JENA, Jan. 20, 1795.

The "Æsthetic Letters," which appeared in the *Horæ*, were sent regularly to the duke, and the next letters from Schiller are little more than an accompaniment to them.

#### VL

##### SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,—I ventured a few weeks ago to send in all submission to your Highness the first part of my monthly work, containing the beginning of my "Æsthetic Letters." Allow me now, most gracious prince, to lay at your feet the continuation of this work, to which I can wish no better success than that it may be worthy of your Highness' approval.

I know that higher affairs than these literary occupations now claim your attention; but when your mind, after more important business, looks around for refreshment, the Muses may venture to approach you, and you will find in the enjoyment of truth and beauty a pleasure that is reserved only for the most noble souls.

May I have offered the mind and heart of your Highness something not quite unworthy of you.

With boundless devotion and respect, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,  
F. SCHILLER.

JENA, March 4, 1795.

There is said to be a letter from the duke to Schiller of March 10, 1795, in the private collection before mentioned; but the following is the answer to Schiller's letter accompanying the continuation of the *Horæ*:—

#### VII.

##### Letter of the DUKE to SCHILLER.

COPENHAGEN, March 19, 1795.

(From the draft in the duke's handwriting.)

I have received the two first parts of the *Horæ*, and the letters accompanying these two

parts. I owe you indeed an apology that I have not till now, dear Hofrath, told you that I had received them; but constant occupations and frequent indisposition have made me through the whole winter an idle correspondent. My thanks, though late, are not the less warm and sincere. They are due to you for the opinion which you entertain of me. May I only in some degree deserve it.

I was delighted to find your "Æsthetic Letters" again in the *Horæ*. But through my ignorance of the terminology, and indeed of the meaning of the critical philosophy, they contain much that is dark to me, which can only disappear by repeated readings; therefore, I would rather at present remain silent as to these letters. In the summer, in the country, with more leisure and fewer interruptions, I shall again take up this study. It is no small pleasure to me to find in your thoughts on what constitutes the wants of mankind so much agreement with my own convictions. Improvement in the circumstances of mankind must originate from man. If this is not the case, every political erection, however beautiful it may be, must soon fall to pieces, and serve, it may be, as a still more convenient refuge for unbridled and wild passions. It depends less on the form than on the spirit through which this form receives life. If this spirit is the spirit of humanity, then improvement will follow, be the outer form what it will. It has fallen to your lot, noble man, to awaken, to sustain, to spread abroad this spirit of humanity, and I hope and expect that your latest literary undertaking, as well as some of your former works, will serve for its advancement. My interest and my wishes will always attend you.

To this Schiller answered by a letter of April 5, 1795, which contains some striking remarks on the difficulties of the German language.

#### VIII.

##### SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER,—In the letter of the 19th March, with which your Highness honored me, I find the encouraging assurance that the first parts of my new journal were not displeasing to you; that indeed your own convictions accord with the principal contents of my "Æsthetic Letters." I now pursue the work with more courage, and only ask your most gracious permission to send you each new number of this periodical. Your Highness' remarks with regard to the difficulty of style are well founded, and it requires, of course, the greatest care on the part of the author to unite the necessary profoundness and depth of thought with an intelligible style. But our language is not yet quite capable of this revolution, and all that good writers can do is to work towards this goal of a more perfect form. The language of the

more refined society, and of conversation, is still too much afraid of the sharp, often subtle precision, which is so necessary to the philosopher, and the language of the scholar is not capable of the lightness and life which the man of the world is right in desiring. It is a misfortune to Germans that their language has not been allowed to become the organ of refined society, and it will long continue to feel the evil effects of this exclusion.

Should I, however, but succeed a little in helping to spread philosophical ideas in the circle of the fashionable world, I should consider every effort which my undertaking costs me as richly repaid.

With deep devotion, I remain,  
Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,  
F. SCHILLER.

JENA, April 5, 1795.

On the 9th June of the same year Schiller writes again, sending the duke the fifth part of the *Horæ*, and announcing the sixth, with eleven new "Æsthetic Letters."

## IX.

## SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER,—How greatly do I hope that the *Horæ*, of which I lay the fifth part at your Serene Highness' feet, may not be found unworthy of your further attention. My zeal in collecting good writings wherever they can be found does not diminish, but, rich as Germany is in journals and writers, it is poor in good authors, and in the fresh, healthy productions of genius, and of philosophical minds. I own I never realized this want so much as since the publication of my journal, in which so large and influential a society takes part, and where it is, nevertheless, so difficult always to find something satisfactory to lay before the public. It is indeed to the honor of the nation that it is more difficult to please; but it is to be desired that the cleverness of the authors might answer to these high requirements.

I have employed myself all this time, as far as my health allowed, in continuing my "Æsthetic Letters," and the sixth part, now at the press, will contain eleven new letters. Could I but hope that this entertainment might enliven a few hours to your Highness during your present visit to the country, I should find in this a sweet reward.

With feelings of the deepest devotion and gratitude, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,  
F. SCHILLER.

JENA, June 9, 1795.

The sixth part of the *Horæ* is also accompanied by a letter from Schiller, in which he excuses himself to the duke for the free tone, opposed to conventional decency, of Goethe's "Elegies," printed in it.

## X.

## SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE AND MASTER,—It is not without embarrassment that I venture to lay the sixth part of the *Horæ* before your Serene and Ducal Highness.

The "Elegies" which it contains are perhaps written in too free a tone, and perhaps the subject which they treat should have excluded them from the *Horæ*. But I was carried away by the great poetical beauty of their style, and then I confess that I believe they offend only conventional and not true and natural decency. I shall, in a future number of the journal, take the liberty of stating in detail my creed as to what is allowable or not allowable to the poet with regard to propriety. May the continuation of my letters on æsthetic education, of which this part contains a large instalment, be read by your Serene Highness not without interest. In it I approach ever nearer to my goal, and hope that I have unfolded many things which were left doubtful in my former letters.

In the deepest devotion and reverence, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,  
F. SCHILLER.

JENA, July 5, 1795.

For the ninth part of the *Horæ* we have again an accompanying letter in Schiller's hand. His hopes as to the successful effects of his periodical are again in the ascendant, and the high aim which he placed before himself and his coadjutors, the union of deep thought, with clearness and elegance of diction, appears to him as not unattainable. His self-reliance is firmer. He will win the approbation of the best people, let the common herd say what it will.

## XI.

## SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE,—Though the numbers of the *Horæ* which have hitherto appeared have often, from their speculative contents, been very tiresome and unproductive, this ninth part, which I humbly venture to send to your Ducal Highness, is perhaps more entertaining. Various philosophical ideas are veiled in it under a free poetical covering, and may perhaps in this form commend themselves to lovers of the beautiful.

After a long separation from the poetic muse, I have again ventured to make some attempts in this realm, and may I have succeeded in reconciling the taste of your Highness, and of the whole cultivated world, to my former metaphysical lucubrations. By every means, in every form, I strive always and ever after the same end—truth. Should I not succeed

in finding her in everything, or in procuring admission for her when found, I can at least hope from a heart like yours for recognition of my good intentions and honest zeal.

With feelings of deepest devotion, I remain,

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,  
FRIDRICH SCHILLER.

JENA, Oct. 5, 1795.

The last number of the first annual issue of the *Horæ* was sent to the duke on the 9th January, 1796, and in the annexed letter Schiller expresses his dissatisfaction with the execution of this undertaking, which he had begun with such enthusiasm. The thought consoles him that he had attempted something good and great; but he does not appear to have made it quite clear to himself that those who seek for the good and the great must not reckon on the applause of the small and the bad.

## XII.

## SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE, — The monthly number which I here humbly send to your Ducal Highness completes the first year of my periodical, and in looking over the finished course, I feel vividly how far what has really been attained falls short of the rightful expectations of good judges.

I am afraid, most gracious prince, that you have found many of our philosophical inquiries far too abstract and scientific, and many of our lighter conversations not interesting enough; but it is not to be attributed to my want of zeal and good will that your expectations of both were not more gratified. The demands of the learned, and the wishes of readers of refined taste, are too often opposed to each other; the former require depth and solidity, which easily beget obscurity and dryness; the latter demand a light and elegant style, which may easily lead to superficiality. The great difficulty of steering safely between the two rocks must in some measure be the cause for the defects in our work.

I confess to you, my gracious prince, that in this periodical I set before myself this aim — with all my might to fight against shallowness of thought and that insipid, lax taste in poetry and art, which have gained ground in our days, and to drive away the reigning spirit of frivolity by more manly principles. My undertaking may fail, but I can never regret having attempted it.

Could I but flatter myself, most noble prince, that the continuation of this journal is not indifferent to you, I should begin the new publication with all the more courage and confidence.

With deepest devotion, I remain

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,  
FR. SCHILLER.

JENA, Jan. 9, 1796.

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As yet only one other letter from Schiller has been found. It is dated February 5, 1796, and shows that the prince in this year still sent Schiller the annuity, at first promised for three years only.

## XIII.

## SCHILLER to the DUKE.

MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, MOST GRACIOUS PRINCE, — The repeated proof of your Highness' gracious sentiments towards me which I received a few days ago, through Privy Councillor Kirstein, from Copenhagen, renews in me the feeling of deep and great obligation, and recalls vividly to my mind all that I owe to your generosity. As there can be no greater reward to a heart like yours than the conviction of having effected real good, and of having truly attained a noble end, I may venture, without danger of indiscretion, to assure your Serene Highness that your benevolent intentions towards me have not missed their aim. The independence and leisure which I owe till now to your generosity have made it possible for me, notwithstanding my extremely shattered health, to devote my powers steadfastly to one important design, and to effect as much for my own cultivation as the limits of my strength allowed. Without your generous support, I must either have given up this design or sunk under it.

The progress that I have made in the last four years towards the goal which I have before my soul, is more rapid and important than all I had hitherto been able to make, and whom must I thank for this happiness but you, most excellent prince, and your noble friends? I write this with a grateful heart, and the deep feeling of all I owe you will ever live in my soul.

With boundless devotion and reverence, I remain

Your Ducal Highness' most obedient,  
FR. SCHILLER.

JENA, Feb. 5, 1796.

Notwithstanding repeated searches in different places, till now no further letters have been found in the archives of the ducal family. I have to thank Professor Goedecke for the information that Schiller, according to his printed diary, sent the following letters to the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg: 1795, August 3, November 6, December 11; 1796, March 11, April 22, May 27, July 4, October 21, November 25; 1797, January 16. The three letters of the duke mentioned before, of January 7, 1792; April 4, 1794; and March 10, 1795, are in a private collection, as well as several other letters from Baggesen and Count Schimmelmann to Schiller, and it is to be hoped they may soon be given to Schiller's admirers.

Schiller died on the 9th May, 1805; and



the duke nine years later, June 14, 1814. His name stands high in the history of Denmark, and will always occupy an honorable position in the glorious annals of his own house. He it was who, when chosen as the successor of Charles XIII., declined the regal crown of Sweden. Little did the noble prince imagine, when, following the dictates of his heart, he gave an annuity to the impoverished Professor Schiller in Jena, that he was thus engraving his own name on the tablets of the world's history; or, what is of far more importance, that his simple generous act would, like a refreshing breeze, quicken the latest posterity to like deeds, that it would continue to produce fair fruit, and, like a grain of corn, spring up to a rich harvest.

So powerful is the influence of an individual, if he will use it, if he will follow the first impulse of his heart, if he has faith in himself and his fellow-men. In my essay on Schiller, written in 1859 ("Chips," vol. iii., p. 76), it was my principal object to prove clearly how Schiller's development as a man and poet was principally determined by the influence of the great minds with whom it was his good fortune to come in contact. Attempts have been made to deny this, and what can one not deny? But Schiller himself felt it, and clearly acknowledged it once, in a letter of November 23, 1800, to Countess Schimmelmann, the wife of the Danish minister. "Whatever of good may be in me," he writes, "was planted in me by a few excellent men: my happy fate brought me in contact with them at the most decisive periods of my life; my friends, therefore, are the history of my life."

The unexpected and generous intervention of the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg marks certainly one of the decisive moments in the development of Schiller's genius, and it is impossible to deny that without this intervention the career of the poet would have been totally different. It is true that a poet is born, but he is also made; he is made by his countrymen who understand and love him. Where love and sympathy are wanting in a people, there poetry flourishes as little as the rose will yield its fragrance without sunshine. In this sense each great poetical work is a national poem. It is quite true that a nation makes no national songs, but it makes the poet, who sings to it out of the abundance of his heart and soul. A national song arises only from a combination of creative thought and receptive understanding; so

does a national literature. The poet is himself the child of his age, and must understand his age and his people; he must have sympathy with the past and the present, and a prophetic insight into the future. He must advance firmly, without looking behind him, but his people must be able and willing to follow, or he will vanish like a shadow, as many a true poet has already vanished.

It was one of the noblest characteristics of the golden age of Weimar that men still professed the art of discovering the beautiful, of overcoming the unlovely. They knew how to enjoy. They loved and praised the beautiful, and because they knew how difficult art is, they did not shake their head at every false note, as men do now, just to prove how true their ear is. How rare the gift of admiring, how difficult the art of praise is, those men do not appear to imagine by whose fault the name of critic has become almost synonymous with that of censurer. When Baggesen and the duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann admired the high flight of Schiller's genius, and wished to give energetic expression to their admiration, there were doubtless witty ladies-in-waiting and literary secretaries of legation in Copenhagen who said, "But think, your Highness, what you are doing. Schiller is certainly very popular in certain classes of society in Germany. But it is in reality only wild students and eccentric maids of honor who rave about him; competent judges consider his works a failure. He is no classical writer, like Gellert or Klopstock; and then, your Highness, his political and religious opinions! He is said to be a democrat, an atheist. Would it not be better to wait, and get more accurate information about the author of 'The Robbers'?" This is the mildew, which blasts all fresh emotions; whilst honest admiration and sympathy, like spring showers and sunshine, bring out the hidden buds of genius at all points into blossom and fruit. There is no doubt that the duke of Holstein-Augustenburg might have deceived himself. Schiller's spirit might have succumbed to his bodily sufferings, without having produced a "Wallenstein," a "William Tell." But what then? Better be deceived a hundred times in admiration and love, than lose the power of admiring and loving. It is this power in which we are wanting. We are not wanting in objects of admiration, but in the talent of admiring. We have great poets, great artists, great savants, great statesmen,

great princes, but we no longer have a great and generous people.

Schiller and Goethe appear to us now as surrounded by a classic halo. We think it is perfectly natural that such literary heroes should have attracted attention and admiration. But let us only read the journals of that time, and we can easily see that even Schiller and Goethe had to be discovered. Frederick the Great spoke of "Goetz von Berlichingen" as "*ces platitudes dégoûtantes*." Goethe put Schiller's "Robbers" and "Fiesco" in the same class with Heinse's "Ardinghello." And even later, when Goethe and Schiller had formed their literary duumvirate, and tried to exercise a critical dictatorship through the *Horæ*, the educated mob attacked them mercilessly in the German newspapers. It is known that Cotta, the publisher of the *Horæ*, ordered favorable notices of the new periodical in the then influential Jena literary newspaper. It appears to us impossible that a man like Schiller could condescend to such a pitiful action. But so it was, and naturally an undertaking supported by such means came to a miserable end, in spite of Schiller, in spite of Goethe. Schiller complains of the pert, incisive, cutting, and prejudicial style of the criticism directed against him, chiefly by the party of Schlegel. He raves like modern poets about general emptiness, party feeling for the extreme of mediocrity, eye-service, cringing, emptiness, lameness, etc., and naturally receives the same coin in return. I mention all this only to show that when what is truly great has once been discovered, every one can admire it; but that two powers are necessary to everything really great, one creative, the other receptive. The world is still rich; the precious stones are there, but of what good are they, when the fowls only look for grains of corn? Is the sea beautiful to the herring-fisher? Is the desert grand to the camel-driver? Are the mountains imposing to the foot-messenger? What we are wanting in is sympathy, compassion, power of rejoicing and suffering with others. We shall perhaps never learn to be enthusiastic again like the noble duke of Holstein, like Count Schimmellmann, Baggesen, and his friends. But what the present generation can and ought to learn, the young as well as the old, is spirit and perseverance to discover the beautiful, pleasure and joy in making it known, and resigning ourselves with grateful hearts to its enjoyment; in a word—love, in the old, true, eternal meaning of the word.

Only sweep away the dust of self-conceit, the cobwebs of selfishness, the mud of envy, and the old German type of humanity will soon reappear, as it was when it could still "embrace millions." The old love of mankind, the true fountain of all humanity, is still there; it can never be quite choked up in the German people. He who can descend into this fountain of youth, who can again recover himself, who can again be that which he was by nature, loves the beautiful wherever he finds it; he says with Schiller, "For all that, life is beautiful;" he understands enjoyment and enthusiasm, if not by the "thundering ocean," yet in the few quiet hours which he can win for himself in the noisy, deafening hurry of the times in which we live.

F. MAX MULLER.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
A HUMAN SACRIFICE.

# I.

"COMPLETELY ruined! Half the rice-fields are foot-deep of silt, and the stream tearing over the meadows, ploughing them into furrows that would bury a buffalo. When I came up from the ford this morning, the paddy-stalks were as tall as my waist, and in another week the crop would have been ready for the sickle; and now there is scarcely a standing reed left in the whole township. I tell you, neighbor Nenko, the village will be brought to starvation."

"And whom have we to blame for that but ourselves?" growled Nenko. "If the gods had got their due, such calamities, I warrant, had never overtaken us. The earth-goddess has asked in vain for a sacrifice. Two cold seasons have come and gone since blood was shed in the meriah grove, and Tari could not but be angry with us."

"Very true," returned Beer, shaking his head gloomily; "all our disasters have come upon us since Kowar bilked the axe and ran off to the jungle. And what amends did we then make to the goddess? Two lives would have been little enough to appease Tari for that insult, and yet, though two seasons have passed away, not a single victim has been tied to the stake. What wonder, then, that the goddess should give us over to the snake and the tiger, and wash our rice-fields down to the plains!"

"Ay, our troubles all began with Kowar's running away. It was only a month

or two after that the plague took our cattle, and that Nobghon and his two sons were devoured by tigers in the wood below the pass. Next year, too, the whole village was laid down with fever, and a water-spout destroyed the early rice; and now comes this flood upon us. It will be well if this is the worst that is in store for us."

"Well indeed! But what good can we expect at the goddess's hands? Did not Tari Pennu shed her own blood that the earth might become hard and fruitful, and produce food for us and our children? and did she not ask us to pay her back again in blood? I say that while that girl walks the village, it is a reproach to our religion and a dishonor to Tari."

"See there," cried Nenko, "how the flood comes foaming down the ravine! The hurling rumble of the stones that are being whirled along deadens even the noise of the thunder. What if the waters were to dam the channel with rock and shingle at that rapid turn there under the war-god's rock? We should be swept down to the plains, houses and all, brother Beer."

"What better does our impiety deserve?" said Beer, with a gloomy shake of his head. "We have taken to living without the gods. How can we ask Tari to do aught for us, if we will do nothing for her? My mind is, Nenko, that unless that girl be speedily sacrificed, worse disasters will befall us."

"Yes, but how are we to persuade the abbaya of this? The old man is as foolishly fond of the meriah girl as if she were his own daughter, and always ready to grasp at any excuse for saving her a little longer. The village wives, too, all love her so well that none of them like to push him. And now he says the English sahibs are against meriahs, and he is afraid of angering them by sacrificing the girl."

"And will the sahibs stand between us and the wrath of the goddess, when she is hungry for blood and denied it? Will they pull out the fangs of the serpent, and draw the teeth of the tiger? Will they save our cattle from disease, and shield our corn from blight? If the sahibs would defend us from Tari's wrath, there might be some justice in their interfering; but till then they must leave us to make our peace with the goddess after the fashion of our fathers."

"What care they?" said Nenko; "they have no knowledge of religion. It is not they whom the holy mother will punish when she is denied a victim; we shall

have to bear the brunt of her anger. It is very well for them to say that human sacrifices are cruel; but how are we to fill the mouths of our children and keep our cattle from harm, if we disobey the law of the goddess?"

"See, that lightning flash that broke right over the meriah grove!" cried Beer, with a shudder, as he clutched the other by the arm. "That spoke the mind of Tari plain enough. She asks for a victim; and may a tiger tear me next time I enter the jungle, if I do not give her one before the new-moon feast pass over!"

"I am sorry for Beena, too," said Nenko; "she has been the daughter of the whole village, and the elder sister of our children. I would almost as soon strike down my own little Joree as see her fall beneath the axe. She is so loving and gentle, and thoughtful for every one's welfare, that it is like cutting our own flesh to give her to the goddess."

"And how can we help it?" said Beer, with a sigh. "The decree is of the mother's making. Is it not now nearly two years since we gave one to Tari? Besides, the girl will be a goddess, and be forever happy and glorious, while our own daughters must drudge at grinding corn, and endure the pains of childbirth."

"Yes, it is her doom; and it were better that she should die at once than ruin overtake us all. See, now, where that big rock, loosened by the water, comes crashing down the ravine like a jungle bull that has been struck by an arrow. Oh, Pidzu Pennu, god of rain! take away your torrents, or in two hours more the village will be washed down the passes."

The speakers, Nenko and Beer, two Khond husbandmen, were standing under the shelter of a cattle-shed, at the end of the village of Taricotta, looking out upon the havoc which a September hurricane was making of their rice-fields and pasture-lands. Taricotta lies in a lovely dingle of the Khond highlands, high up among the Eastern Ghats. In the middle of an amphitheatre of hills, thickly clad with bamboo forest, and studded here and there with tall clumps of *sál* and *sissu*, the village stands upon a small parterre, slightly higher than the bottom of the valley. Round about, the streams come pouring down from the heights, cleaving the hillsides into wedge-like masses as their channels converge towards the bottom, where the waters unite to form the Tarinulla, or river of Tari, which, breaking through a narrow gorge at the east end of the valley, plunges down the

glens of Boad, and winding its way through the jungles of Duspulla, joins the Mahanuddee as it rolls towards the Bay of Bengal. In the centre of the valley was Taricotta, and spreading out from it on all sides lay the village rice-fields, a low ridge of earth about a foot high marking the bounds of each family's holding. The village itself consisted of two rows of low houses, built of wattle-and-dab, and thatched with grass or rice-straw, all of them of the same size and of the same pattern. Towards the banks of the river, almost on a level with its beds, was a broad tract of rich black meadow loam, that grew crops such as none of the neighboring valleys could raise, and which was at once the boast of Taricotta and the envy of the other Khond communities round about. The only drawback about this land was that its low level rendered it liable to be flooded at unseasonable times; but the husbandmen had been peculiarly lucky in saving their crops until within a year or two back that they had suffered heavy losses; and the wiser heads of the village had no difficulty in accounting for this change in their fortunes.

Until of late, Taricotta had been as famous in the Khond country for its piety as for its prosperity. In no village had the cravings of Tari, the earth-goddess, for human blood been more liberally gratified, as became a place that bore her sacred name. Every year the meriah grove, on the slope of the hill beyond the ford, had been reddened with the blood of one and sometimes more human victims. Every year, when Nobin, the *panwa*, or village weaver, was sent down to the plains to purchase meriahs, a heavy bag of rupees was entrusted to him, and he was charged, for the honor of the goddess and for the credit of the valley, to bring back the finest boy and the fairest girl that money could purchase.

"Why should we deal stingily with our mother?" the abbaya would say, when sitting with the village elders in committee of supply on such occasions. "Has she not done more for us than for any village on the hills? Do not our fields show heavy rice-ears, while those of Tintilkote bear nought but thorns? Have we not cattle in our woods, while the people of Bhoomghur have only tigers? Let us, then, offer to the goddess the best that we can get, and she may give us still more cause to be thankful."

"Ay, ay," the old *janni*, or priest, would mumble through his toothless jaws, "the goddess likes red blood. When the soil

was only soft sand and mud, and would grow nothing, the goddess opened her veins, and where the warm drops fell it grew hard and fruitful. Then she said to the people, 'Even as I have shed my blood to serve you, so with your blood do ye worship me back again!' And when they said, in reply, 'Oh, mother! we are but few, and if we have to spill our own blood for you, even your favor will not make us happy,' the mother said, 'Ye shall buy the children of the stranger, and spill their blood in my grove, and I shall abide with you.' Wherefore, friends, let us obey the goddess, and see, oh weaver! that the men of Tintilkote, or those of Bhoomghur, do not outbid you, and buy the favor of Tari over our heads; but bring home with you such meriahs as shall keep up our reputation among the tribes, and gain us grace in the eyes of the goddess."

But the *panwa*'s commission was becoming every year more difficult of execution. Formerly, those who had stolen children to dispose of, or those who through want were compelled to part with their own offspring, would keep them in hand for months until the *panwa* of Taricotta came down to the plains to buy victims for the sacrifice. Then, his only difficulty was in making choice among the numbers that were offered to him. Now, however, the English had stretched out their hands over the hills, and ordered the rajahs to stop the meriah sacrifices, while the people of the plains were forbidden to sell their children, and threats of severe punishment held out to all who dared to disobey. So the *panwa* had gone twice to the plains and come back empty-handed; and the last time he told the village council that he would not go down again although they made a meriah of himself, for the English magistrate sahib had sworn to hang him if he ever came back on such an errand.

In the good old times Taricotta had always been able to keep five or six victims in reserve, lest the goddess should evince any sudden displeasure against the village, but now there was only one left, and the *panwa* had not the faintest idea how others were to be procured. And how was the world, or that part of it at least which the Khonds were concerned with, to go on without meriahs? The villagers talked gloomily of what might be looked for from the wrath of Tari, and how the goddess would most likely take themselves if they could not find her other victims.

Moreover, on the last occasion when the villagers gathered together at the meriah grove, there took place an ominous event such as had never before been known in Taricotta. The proposed victim was the last meriah but one remaining: a tall, handsome, well-made youth, who had been bought by the panwa when an infant, and brought up in the village to be a scape-goat for the sins of its inhabitants. Never had Taricotta made grander preparations for a meriah, for Kowar was a favorite with all the men and women of the village; and the simple people were bent on softening, as they thought, the blow to the victim, by immolating him with as much pomp and ostentation as they could well afford.

Up to the last moment everything had been propitious. Kowar's long locks were duly shorn, and some days after he was led forth in triumphal procession, crowned with flowers and smelling of perfumes, to the meriah grove, where the people fed him with sweetmeats and with their choicest dainties, and worshipped him as one that had been consecrated to Tari, and that was himself soon to become a god. Kowar sat by the stake enthroned among flowers, and bright cloths, and tinsel, and looked around him with the forced calmness of fanaticism, bearing up his courage with the thought of how small were the miseries of his present condition compared with the bliss and glory into which he was about to enter. What cared he for the agony of death? Any man in the village might have to suffer as much when the tribe went down the valley to fight the men of Bhoomghur. And was he not about to become a god at once, a god ever happy and strong, and with the power to bend the creatures of earth to his will? And while other souls must repair to the far-distant Rock of Leaping, whereon sits Dinga Pennu, the judge of the dead, and be dashed by the boisterous waves against its sharp corners before they get a sure footing on its slippery surface, his soul, purified from earthly uncleanness, would at once take to itself a divine substance. Other underserving souls would be liable to be sent back to this world of probation to be born, blind or lame perhaps, and to undergo another life of toil and sorrow, of cold and hunger. But his bliss would be everlasting. Why did they not strike then? Why should the blow linger that was to free him from the troubles of earth and make him one of the bright gods? But the ritual was long and might not be abridged, and the men of the village,

many of them half-intoxicated with stupefying drugs, were leaping in wild dance round about the stake, brandishing axe and spear and shouting the praises of Tari and the merits of the victim. But what, thought Kowar—as he sat there looking upon a scene which seemed to him more of a wild vision than of an actual reality in which he himself was playing a horrible part—what if all that he had been told were lies, and he was not to become a god after all? Perhaps it was all a make-up, to get the victims to quietly consent to the sacrifice. The worshippers of Boora Pennu, the sun-god, said so at any rate, and why should they not know as much about the matter as the people of Taricotta? The thought that he might have been tricked and deluded with old-wives' tales flashed like a pang of pain through Kowar's mind; and as he roused himself and looked round, the earth seemed to have put on a beauty that he had never noticed before. Was there anything as fair in the heaven that they promised him, as that tamarind grove stretching away up the hill of Loha Pennu, the iron god of war? or could all the music of the gods be a sweeter sound than the dashing murmurs of the streams as they poured down the mountain-sides? And there was Beena, a meriah like himself, standing apart under a nim-tree. What goddess could be more beautiful than she was? And she was weeping—weeping for him too!

"My fathers," said Kowar, suddenly raising his head, "I give my life to save you from the snake and the tiger. I shall be a god, and as ye would wish for my favor then, grant me my last wish."

The men paused in their dance, and the abbaya and the priest went forward to the stake, with low obeisance to the victim.

"Until this day," he continued, "I have always joined in the dances of the village. Loose my hands, I entreat you, for a little, and let me mix in your mirth, with axe and spear in hand, as a man should."

At a request so unusual, the abbaya and the priest looked doubtfully at each other, while all around held their peace.

"His locks are shorn," said the priest at length; "he is in the hands of the goddess. It is with her voice that he speaks, and he cannot be gainsaid."

They loosed Kowar from the stake, and the abbaya put his own axe and spear into the youth's hand, while a great cup of liquor, distilled from the mhowa flower, was handed him to drink. He took his place in the circle; the panwa tuned



his pipe to its highest pitch, and with a loud shout, the dancers set off with wilder gestures and a more rapid whirl than before, Kowar whooping loudest of all. After they had circled the stake three or four times, of a sudden, before any one could stretch out a hand to stay him, Kowar tripped up the two men who stood next him in the ring, plunged through a group of women and children, and before the dancers could collect their senses, had forded the river and was making for the forest. Each man mechanically raised his spear, to hurl after him, but held his hand when he saw the throng of wives and daughters that the wiles of the fugitive had interposed between himself and his intending slayers.

"Chase! chase!" shouted at once the abbaya and the priest; but, before the pursuers had started, Kowar was already lost sight of in the jungle; and though the villagers watched the passes, and hunted for him three nights and days, he managed to outwit them, and to reach the villages of the people of Boora Pennu, the sun-god, who abhor the meriah rite, and refused to deliver up the victim.

A gloom thus fell upon the village of Taricotta, for every one knew that so untoward an event must be the forerunner of evil; and for two years from the time of Kowar's escape, they had no heart to offer another victim to the earth-goddess in the meriah grove.

## II.

HALF-A-SCORE of years before, the panwa had come back to Taricotta, bringing with him, among other children for the meriah sacrifice, a girl of such loveliness as had never before been seen in the village or in any of the valleys round about. He had paid for her the value of fifteen bullocks, ten sheep, and seven sets of brass pots, the highest price that Taricotta had ever given for a meriah. He was almost afraid, the panwa said, to tell the village council of his extravagance. But the rice had been plentiful that year, and all the cows had calved, so the elders had ratified the bargain, and took good care that all the country round should know the price which they had paid, if indeed they did not add a few more cattle and sheep, at no greater cost than their own veracity. The girl was put in the patriarch's house, and treated with all the kindness which was considered to be the due of one consecrated to the goddess. No people were kinder at heart than the villagers of Taricotta. It was not their

fault that the goddess delighted in human blood; it was their misfortune that her law compelled them to gratify this cruel appetite. So Beena grew up the daughter of the village; and the thought of the terrible end that was in store for a life so pure, and spotless, and loving, drew towards her the kindly hearts of the simple Khond husbandmen and their wives. Though her home was with the abbaya, in his house in the centre of the village, distinguished from the other dwellings by a great gnarled cotton-tree before the door, under which was held the council of the elders, Beena was as welcome to every home in Taricotta as if she had been a child of the house. Was it not for them, they reasoned, that she was going to lay down her life, that plenty might abound in the village, and their children be kept from the snake and the tiger? Ought they not, then, to soften her hard fate by every kindness that they could show her? And when she became a goddess, would it not be in her power to return their favors to them tenfold? Thus Beena never heard a harsh word from any mouth in Taricotta, and the surliest churl felt constrained to force his face into a smile when he met the meriah maiden. Even the janni, the old priest, who never let his eyes see any other woman or child in the village, could not pass Beena without patting her on the head and blessing her in the name of Tari; and she alone of all the village was permitted to enter his house and put the holy disorder and untidiness that reigned there to rights. Once, when Bhim, the son of Gopal, the herdsman, an ill-conditioned lad who was always in mischief, had beaten the meriah girl, and sent her crying home to the abbaya's, important as was the office which his father held in Taricotta, the youth had been driven forth from the village, with a warning that if he ever again showed his face in the valley, his days would not be long in the land. It was a curious pride and delight that Taricotta took in Beena, the meriah, and the villagers could hardly tell whether they felt more glad at possessing so noble a sacrifice to offer to Tari, or sorry that they must put away from them, by a cruel death, one who had so twined herself round their hearts, and whose presence shed so much love and light upon their homes.

The shadow of the sacrifice that hung over Beena's life had made her from childhood unlike other girls. Other children lived for themselves, or for their mothers

and brothers and sisters, but she lived for them all. Her life, she felt, belonged to Taricotta; and the weals and the woes of the village, its luck and its disasters, all peculiarly affected her in her own person. The village and its inhabitants, the green hills and the clear streams round about, were in a sense her own; for was it not by her blood that the people would thrive and be happy, the fields grow yellow with heavy crops of grain, and the streams provide clear, cool water to refresh the panting cattle in the hot months before the rains? She who was to die for all, ought also to live for all, and need not care much for herself. Her feelings were all those of a woman whose path in life is clearly marked out, not those of a girl whose golden future flutters before her in light and uncertain guise. When Beena played with the other children of her own years, she made herself believe that it was not for her own amusement, but to please them. When there was sickness and death in any house, Beena was there to soothe the sufferers and comfort the bereaved, for was not their distress her own? She shared her own meals with Derah, the childless widow, who had no son to reap her field, and no daughter to pound her rice. She scrambled unharmed through the thick jungles on the ward-god's hill—for no tiger would dare to open his lips, or snake shoot out his fangs at a life sacred to Tari—to gather fresh, juicy berries and wild flowers for Nenko's cripple daughter, who was shut up in the hot house, and could get none of these things for herself. The people all knew that she did not do those kind deeds of her own forethought—for what forethought could a girl of her years possess?—but that they came of the impulse of the goddess working in her; and it would have been impious to thwart or contradict her.

Once, when the men of Taricotta went down to the plains below the pass, to fight with those of Tintilkote, and the women accompanied them to carry arrows and gather stones, according to the usual custom, Beena, the meriah, went with the rest. But after the fray began, instead of doing what she could to help the men of her village, like the other women, she sat apart on a bank, moaning and wringing her hands as she witnessed the blood flow and the cruel blows that were struck on both sides. But when the old abbaya of Taricotta, who had been a father and protector to her since she came to the village, was struck down, and she saw his grey

hairs rolling in the dust, while a huge Tintilkote warrior stood with foot pressed upon the old man's breast, and axe uplifted, ready to strike, the fury of a tigress seemed suddenly to seize the girl. She rushed forward, snatched a spear from the hands of a Taricotta man, who was standing dismayed at the downfall of his chief, and before any one could stir for astonishment, thrust it with all her strength into the big man of Tintilkote's breast, who fell down with a groan, scarcely able to believe that any harm had happened to him from such a quarter. Then she had sat down, and taken the abbaya's head in her lap, heedless that the men of Tintilkote were gathering round her with savage threats of vengeance, equally heedless that those of Taricotta, inspired by her example with a sudden accession of courage, had rushed forward with a wild yell, broken the ranks of the enemy, and were driving them from the field, leaving her to chafe the abbaya's grey hairs, and to bathe his wrinkled brows with her tears. So crushing was this defeat, and so many right arms did the Taricotta men bring home with them on their spears, that the Tintilkote heroes had never again taken the field; and the people of Taricotta persuaded themselves still more firmly that Beena was filled with the spirit of the goddess.

The abbaya in whose house Beena had been brought up was a lone man. His wife was dead before Beena had come to the village, and one of her earliest memories was of him coming back from a fight with the men of Bhoomghur, leaving his two brave sons dead on the field. She saw the abbaya stride stoutly through the village at the head of the men, the panwa piping fiercely before him; and but for the firm grasp with which he held his spear, crushing almost the tough bamboo shaft, and the hard way in which his lips and teeth were set, no one could have guessed the wound which that day's fighting had left in his heart. It was not until he came into his own house, and saw how lonely it was, with Sham's sickle hanging upon the wall, and Leanga's huntings-pear leaning against the corner, never more to be used by their old masters, that the abbaya suffered his grief to escape him in a groan of anguish, which was speedily followed by tears and sobs when the little girl stole timidly on to his knee, and putting her small arms about his neck, kissed his great beard and rough weather-beaten face. The abbaya clutched her to his bosom, and then held her back on his knee

at arms' length; and as he looked intently into the deep hazel eyes, full of loving sorrow for his loss, he heaved a sigh from the bottom of his heart as he thought that even of this sole remaining comfort he must soon be deprived by the decree of Tari. From that hour the abbaya had loved Beena as tenderly as ever father loved child.

Until the time came when Beena was the only meriah left in the village, and the difficulty arose about finding fresh victims, the abbaya had been a staunch supporter of the cruel worship of Tari. No one had more loudly condemned the faint-heartedness of the patriarchs of neighboring villages, who had given in to the wishes of the English, and had pledged themselves to sacrifice only buffaloes in future, instead of human beings. The abbaya of Taricotta had never sought to conceal his scorn of such timeservers, and he had been wont to boldly declare that Tari should never be left to thirst for blood in her favorite valley. So long as other victims were available, the abbaya had been firm enough in upholding the meriah sacrifice, but now that there was none left except Beena, it was easy to see that a change had come over him. Who, he now argued, were they that they should set themselves up against the will of the English sahibs — to which all the chiefs in the country, the rajahs and the maharajahs, were compelled to bow? Every village was giving up the meriah sacrifice nowadays, and why should Taricotta get itself into trouble by standing out? True, Tari might be angry with them, but there were other enemies fully nearer at hand who would be as dangerous, if they were enraged. The goddess might blight their crops and smite their cattle with plague, but then the English, if they were displeased, could come up the passes, burn the village and carry away the people to prison, as they had already done in Goomsur, and in Boad; and when grumblers reminded him of how he had once vowed to place his breast before the English bayonets rather than give up the sacrifice to the goddess, the old man could only shrug his shoulders and go away. He had formed no sceptical views regarding the efficacy of the meriah offering. He believed devoutly in Tari, and had little doubt in his own mind that misery would overtake Taricotta if the goddess were denied her due. His pride too was touched that a village which had plumed itself so much upon its piety as Taricotta had, should yield to innovations

which Tintilkote and Bhoomghur had led the way in accepting. It was only his love for Beena that ever made him waver in his duty; and if it had not been her turn to go to the stake, the old man would have unflinchingly kept up the ritual, and have defied the English and their orders so long as his arm was able to wield a spear in the pass in honor of the goddess and of Taricotta.

But now even the men of his own village were turning against him, and the abbaya could not but feel that his footing was growing far from firm. When Kowar ran away from the stake, many of the people had thought that Beena should then have been offered up; and the abbaya had had some difficulty in resisting their demands on the pretence that the propitious season for sacrifice had been allowed to pass over while they were in pursuit of the fugitive. Then next year, when it was noticed that the bamboos in the forest were putting forth flowers, — a certain sign of coming famine and pestilence, as all knew, — they had again pushed the abbaya to consent to the sacrifice of Beena; and though he had promised to make the necessary preparations, it was well known that he bribed the priest to declare that no meriah would be acceptable to the goddess that year. Observant people could not help marking that soon after this statement three of the best haunches of venison killed during the season found their way from the patriarch's to the priest's house; and they knew it was not for nothing that such attention was paid to the janni.

Certain it was at all events that the abbaya was using every possible pretext for putting off the sacrifice of Beena, and the villagers hinted among themselves that he would not be loth to take her altogether out of the hands of the goddess, if he thought that people would put up with such impiety; nay, it was said that he would not be sorry if the English Macpherson Sahib, who down below the Ghats was despatching his agents all over the hills to save the meriahs and keep the people from sacrificing, were to hear about Beena, and send up his men to save her. And thus it was not much wonder though the pious people of Taricotta were displeased with their headman, and apprehensive of what might befall them from the wrath of the goddess.

### III.

AT the time of Kowar's escape, Beena was nearly fifteen years of age. She was

tall, shapely, and well developed, with massive but finely-moulded limbs, a full bust and squarely-cut shoulders, which carried a lithe, arching neck, and gracefully-set head. But for the liquid depths of her eyes, and the light of love and gentleness that shone out from them, the broad brow from which her hair rose up with a curl that seemed to ask for a coronet to make it lie smoothly down, the firm cheek-bones, the thin lips curving downwards at the corners, and the full bold sweep of her chin, would have stamped her as haughty and imperious; and she might have been so, but for the influence which her consecration to the goddess had exerted upon her nature. There was no woman in Taricotta or in any of the valleys whose beauty could at all compare with that of Beena. Those who had seen the wives of the Boad rajah, whose beauty had been vaunted over the hill country, declared that the prettiest of them was to Beena as an owl to a pea-hen; and Madhwa, the potter, who had once been as far as the temple of Jagannath, far beyond the floods of the Nerbudda, testified that none of the damsels who danced before the god, though they were arrayed in brocade and scarlet, and wore bangles and nose-rings of solid gold, had half the presence and beauty of Beena. The panwa had made a song about her, in which, after he had of course likened her eyes to the lotus, and her face to the full moon, her nose to the sesamum flower, and her lips to the young mango leaf, he soared to the highest flight of which Khond fancy was capable, by comparing the majesty and grace of Beena's walk to the gait of a drunken elephant. And next to the song of the praises of Tari and that about the great fight in which the men of Taricotta slew the abbaya of Bhoomghur and carried off his cattle, this song of Beena was a favorite at all the village gatherings.

When Beena was twelve years of age, there had been a talk among the elders of marrying her to Kowar, who was the handsomest youth in the village, as she was the fairest maiden. It was quite common for the people of Taricotta to allow the meriah victims to marry with each other, for the children that came of such unions were also sacred to the goddess, and saved the village the price of purchasing others. When the matter was first mentioned to Beena, she blushed and hesitated, for Kowar was her favorite among all the young men, but when they told her that her children would be meriahs also, her woman's nature had spoken up strongly.

"Never," she said, with a shudder. "I shall never marry. It is a cruel law. My life is the goddess's, and I yield it cheerfully for you all; but I shall not bring forth little ones for the bloody axe. I shall never marry."

And though Kowar, who had fewer scruples, pressed her sorely until her heart was almost like to break, Beena held fast by this resolution.

When at last it came to Kowar's turn to lay down his life, Beena would gladly have proved her love for him by taking his place at the stake, but the youth roughly said that he no longer cared to live since she would not make him happy in another way. The abbaya, too, who perhaps was not sorry that there would be no one, now that Kowar was out of the way, to divide Beena's love with himself, also chid her for such an offer, and hinted that she might not be so ready when her own time came—a harsh word, repented of as soon as uttered. So Beena had followed the sacrificial procession, not daring to wait to see the death-blow fall, but yet lingering as long as possible within sight of her lover. Bitter pangs of grief seemed to be rending her own breast asunder, and her tears were falling fast as she stood beneath a nim-tree, endeavoring to comfort herself by the thought of how soon she would follow Kowar, and how happy they would be when united together as god and goddess, with children, perhaps, who would be celestial like themselves, and free from all fear of the cruel axe. What next ensued seemed like a dream, and when she had stood for a few minutes with eyes strained after the fugitive until he was lost in the jungle, she threw herself on the ground in a fit of hysterical weeping, conscious only that Kowar had escaped, and that she was impious enough to rejoice at the event.

One evening when the sun was sinking low upon the hilltops and the shadows were creeping down the valley towards the mouth of the pass, changing the bright green shades of pasture to a dark olive color, Beena had strayed far up a glen to gather berries for the abbaya's supper. By the edge of a still pool, which lay black and cool before her, screened by a leafy network from the hot sunbeams, the girl sat in a reverie, mechanically dipping the ends of the flowers which she had gathered in the water. She was thinking of many things, and trying to think the best and the brightest thoughts about everything. She thought how hard and dark was life in the village

below her; how difficult it sometimes was for the people to scrape a subsistence from the soil when the brazen heavens above would not yield one drop of moisture, or the iron earth open its pores to let the green blade come through; and when cattle were perishing with thirst on the pastures, and the men of Tintilkote, or of Bhoomghur, were threatening the village with fire and sword, would she be able to do anything to soften their rough lot when she was slain and had become a goddess? Such a prospect was the chief happiness of Beena's lot. Her fate forbade that she should dream of a long life on earth with blessings of wedded love and delights of children, but her heart still clung to her kind, and her chief pleasure was to think of what she, when a goddess, would do for the earth and its inhabitants, especially for Taricotta, the valley and the people.

Then she began to wonder what had become of Kowar, poor Kowar! who doubtless was pursued by the wrath of the goddess for having cheated her of a life. He too might have been a god, and forever happy with her, if he only had had faith and firmness. But in the heaven of Tari she would still be mindful of Kowar, and try to turn from him the wrath of the goddess. She would hover unseen about him in his wanderings, and scare the tiger from his path, and rouse him as the snake crept near him when slumbering in the shade. She would cause dreams of herself to pass through his sleep, and put visions of her new glory and brightness under his closed eyelids. And even as she was thinking of Kowar, the thick grass rustled on the other side of the ravine, the green boughs parted, and Kowar stood before her in all the vigorous robustness of forest freedom, his cheeks tanned by sun and wind, a keen proud glance in his eyes which she had never marked when he lived in the village. A kilt of dressed antelope skin was round his loins, and carelessly thrown over his shoulders was the coat of a young leopard. He carried a gun in one hand and held up the other to impose caution on Beena.

"Kowar!" cried the girl, springing to her feet with a glad look in her eyes, which soon changed to an expression of alarm as she glanced quickly round her to make sure that they were unobserved. "Kowar," she cried, as she took his hand in both hers, and looked lovingly into his face, "how happy I am to see you, and how often I have thought of you! And have you been well? And oh! Kowar,

how have you saved yourself from the wrath of the goddess?"

"Pah!" said Kowar. "Do not let them stuff your head with silly stories, all made up to get you to let them butcher you in quietness. Come away with me, Beena, and let the people of Taricotta sacrifice some of themselves if the goddess needs blood—cruel devil that she is!"

"Hush, hush!" cried Beena, putting up her hands before his mouth. "Such talk is sinful, and sure to draw down anger upon us. And, Kowar, you do wrong to come here, for the men of the village are enraged at you, and if they knew you were within the valley, they would surround and slay you. Oh! go away while you still may with safety."

"Dogs! what care I for them?" said the young hunter, scornfully. "Let one of them come within shot of me if he values his life. But you are glad to see me, Beena?" he continued, as he leaned his gun against a tree, and put his disengaged arm around the girl. "It was for you only that I ran away. I did not care for death, for I face it every day in the forest when I can get a chance of meeting a tiger. But I saw that you were crying, and I thought that if you cared enough for me to make you weep, life was still worth living for, and so—I ran away."

"And oh, Kowar! I was so glad that you escaped," said the meriah, as her tears began to flow. "When I saw you distance your pursuers and disappear in the jungle, I felt as if Tari had taken me to herself and filled me full of the bliss that belongs to the gods. But, Kowar, I fear for you. The anger of the goddess will seek you out, and her servants are the snake and the tiger. Promise me that you will take care of yourself now; and, Kowar, after—when I become a goddess, I shall always watch over you and guide your steps away from danger."

"You are dearer to me as you are," said Kowar, fondly stroking the girl's soft ringlets. "And I can protect myself as long as I can raise this rifle to my shoulder. See, Beena, how fine a gun I have got! I slew two tigers with poisoned arrows, and took their heads and skins to the magistrate sahib at Berhampore, and got as much money for them as bought this good rifle. And I told him of my escape, and he was glad of it, and gave me a present of powder and shot, and bade me tell him if the people of Taricotta sought to molest me, and he would send soldiers up the pass to punish them. And he will protect



you also, Beena; and you will come away with me, and never go back to the village to be made a meriah of."

"Alas!" said the girl, shaking her head, with a sad smile, "it cannot be. The goddess is powerful, and neither sabibs nor their guns could shield us from her wrath if she raised her right arm against us. And think, Kowar, what might befall you if you perished from her anger. How would your soul show itself to Dinga Pennu, judge of the dead, as all torn and bleeding from scrambling up the hard sides of the Rock of Leaping, it presents itself to him for condemnation, and then be sent back again to the world to be born blind or deformed, to be beaten and abused by stronger men, and to starve upon the scraps which others leave. Oh! Kowar, if you only had faith in the goddess, how happy we might have been together away from this bad world."

"And we shall be happy yet," said Kowar, striving to assume a cheerfulness that he did not altogether feel. "You will come with me, Beena, to my hut in the hills of Boad, far away from any one that would harm you. I have built it for you, and I have planted your favorite flowers round the door of it; and I have kept my finest skins to be a couch for you. Come away, Beena, and come at once, and let us get beyond the Taricotta valley before the people miss you."

Poor Beena! the temptation was a sore one. She was young, and life with love before her was still sweet. Her head had been full of a dazzling dream of celestial bliss, but here was tangible earthly happiness now put in her choice. As she weighed the two, she thought that the latter was not so despicable as she had taught herself to believe. But then the wrath of Tari? Well, Kowar did not seem to have feared any worse from having braved the goddess. But then she must not think of herself. Was it not for the people of Taricotta that she was going to give her life, that they might be made happy, and the valley grow beautiful from her blood? And if she ran away, would not the vengeance of the goddess overtake them also? She might have risked Tari's wrath for Kowar's sake, if she herself could have borne the whole brunt of it. But she could not endure the thought that people should say when a bullock died, "This has come upon us because of Beena," or when crops failed, "We must now starve on account of her ingratitude whose mouth we have so often filled."

"No, Kowar," she said, in a sad but

firm voice, "it cannot be. The wrath of the goddess shall never be drawn down upon Taricotta on my account. The people shall never scorn me, or load my name with reproach."

"As they do mine, I suppose," said Kowar, bitterly; "but what care I? Let them keep outside the range of my rifle if they are wise. But I tell you, Beena, you shall go with me when next I come back; for if you do not I swear by Boora Pennu, the sun-god, that I shall gather a band of the hunters of Boad, and carry you off, whether you are willing or not;" and hearing the voice of some woodmen in the adjoining thicket, Kowar kissed the girl, and disappeared in the jungle. Many more such meetings soon followed, but Beena carefully concealed them from the knowledge of the villagers, and even of the abbaya. In vain, however, did Kowar plead his suit, and beg the girl to fly with him. A fanatic spirit of self-sacrifice had taken hold of the meriah's mind; and she determined to steel herself against the pleadings of her own heart, and to deaden her ears to all the solicitations that Kowar could pour into them.

#### IV.

On the morning after the storm the whole village of Taricotta turned out at early dawn, before the sun had as yet appeared above the hilltops, and while the thin blue mists were still hanging like a transparent veil upon the higher portions of the landscape. It was a sorry sight that greeted their eyes as they sought for the rich rice-crop which at that time yesterday had stood yellowing before them, so tall and thick and bending its heavy ears. Long ruts, waist-deep in parts, and broad enough to hold a bullock-cart, had been ploughed through the centre of the fields. In some places both grain and earth had been entirely washed away, leaving nothing but the bare scalp of subsoil. In others great piles of sand, shingle, and boulder had been piled up, among which a few stalks of rice might be seen feebly trying to raise their heads. Where the mould had been deepest and finest, the havoc had of course been greatest; and here and there were little patches of grain left unharmed, looking tauntingly luxurious, as if they had been spared for samples, to enable the husbandmen to realize what they had lost. Not only was their rice ruined for the present year, but they could see at a glance that their meadow land, denuded of its black loam, and covered as it was with shingle and sand, would

never again bear those crops which had enabled Taricotta to brag over all the villages in the hills. And there was the river which had done all this damage, sunk now to its usual insignificance; and with hardly water enough in its pools to swim a duck, looking as it rolled languidly down the valley thoroughly exhausted with its mischievous efforts of the previous evening. It was hard to believe that so small a river could have done so much damage, unless the anger of the goddess had given force to its waters.

So at least it seemed to the villagers, as they looked ruefully at their ruined fields, and their hearts rose in bitterness when they thought how their loss might have been prevented if they had obeyed the orders of Tari. At any spot where the destruction had been particularly marked, they gathered in little groups, and talked in low tones over their calamities and the cause of them.

"When a man thrusts his finger in the fire it is useless to repine at being burnt," said Beer to a knot of villagers who were standing looking gloomily down into the depths of a gully half-full of water, where Nenko's rice-field had been yesterday; "what folly to wilfully disobey the goddess, and then to hope for aught but punishment from her! We have taken the world into our own hands, and this is the way we manage it. I wonder what punishment is next in store for our disobedience. The plague for our cattle and pestilence for our children?"

"The big cotton-tree in the meriah grove was struck last night," said Mahang, the blacksmith, in a low voice. "The lightning has shivered the trunk half-way down, and one of the heaviest boughs lies on the ground, lopped off as clean as I could do it with my axe."

"Oh, ay," said Nenko, bitterly, while a shiver ran through the bystanders at this portent, "that tells us nothing new. We have no need to ask the priest wherefore this misfortune comes upon us. The duller head in the village knows that Tari is furious with us for being denied blood."

"That is true," said Nenko; "we are at no loss to know what is the cause of all this trouble. But that is not the question. What we have to think of is, how we are to forestall further judgments. And here comes the man who can best tell us."

As he spoke, the abbaya came along the fields, with a few of the village elders accompanying him. At every few paces he had to pause while some villager pointed out the ruin that had overtaken

his holding, or a pitiful tale of woe and complaints were dinned into his ears. The old man was fully alive to the black looks that greeted him, and he could easily understand that the villagers regarded their misfortunes as a punishment for their having withheld Beena from the goddess, and that they were wroth with him for the hindrances which he had placed in the way of the sacrifice. And worst of all, the abbaya himself felt that he had done wrong, and his temper was cross in proportion as his sense of guilt was strong; but his love for Beena was none the less, or his desire to save her from her doom diminished.

"Ah! my children, this is a sad disaster," said the abbaya, as he came up to Nenko's land; "the rain-god is but a rough ploughman when he yokes to furrow our fields. We must build a *bund* (embankment) at that sharp corner of the river, and then we shall never be so likely to have another mischance of the same kind."

"Though you build a *bund* as high as the hills of Boad, it would do no good," said Nenko, sullenly; "do you think that stone and lime will dam back the wrath of Tari?"

"Well, well," said the abbaya, not choosing to notice the insinuation contained in Nenko's remark, "there are villages in the hills worse able to bear a flood than Taricotta. We have plenty of goods in the village treasury, and we can send the panwa down to the plains to fetch up a long string of *brinjarries* (carriers) laden with rice."

"And suppose Tari lets loose her tigers upon them in the pass?"—"And what shall we do when another and a worse flood comes upon us?"—"When the plague takes our cattle, and the pestilence carries off our children!"—"What is our headman good for?"—"Is it to stand between us and the goddess, with his back turned away from Tari?"—"He wants to keep back the girl from the goddess!"—"That she may run away, like Kowar!"—were the angry exclamations that replied to the abbaya's proposal.

"My friends," said the old man with dignity, "I have been thirty years abbaya of Taricotta, and no one has ever reproached me with having aught in my eye but the interests of the village. If you have anything to say, say it, but respect my office, for in slighting it ye slight yourselves."

Then Beer stood forward as the spokesman of the rest, and told the abbaya how

they all knew that the village had fallen under the anger of the goddess because of blood kept back, that it was now two years since Kowar had fled from the sacrifice, and though a meriah yet remained among them, no steps had been taken to appease the goddess. All these misfortunes had come upon them because of Tari's anger, and the blood of the village, its wives and its children, would lie on the heads of those who stood between her and the sacrifice.

"And who stands between her and the sacrifice?" asked the abbaya tartly; "who but the English sahibs that have forbidden us to have more meriahs? It does not seem much of a gain to make peace with Tari at the price of war with them."

"The people of Taricotta never yet feared to go to the war-field," said Beer with a slight sneer; "if we can get the goddess on our side, I for one will gladly go down the pass to fight them — stay at home who will."

As Beer had probably calculated, the abbaya lost his temper at this reflection upon his courage. "Have your own way," said the old man angrily; "you know well I never failed when there was fighting to be done, and I shall meet the English sahibs as willingly as ever I stood up against the men of Tintilkote or of Bhoomghur. Only should your houses be given to the flames, and yourselves carried off to prison in the plains, after my head has been laid on the ground, you will know whom you have to blame."

That night a meeting of the village council was held under the great cotton-tree before the abbaya's door, and it was unanimously resolved that Beena, the meriah, should be at once sacrificed to save Taricotta from the further vengeance of the incensed goddess; and the priest was ordered to fix the earliest propitious day for the rite. The abbaya presided at the meeting as his duty required him, but he took no part in the discussion, and simply announced the resolution at which they had arrived, and promised that it should be given effect to. The elders then went quietly home to the village, and soon the women and children of Taricotta were sorrowing over the news that the hour of Beena, the meriah, had come.

#### V.

ALL was still in Taricotta. Even the dogs had gone to sleep and to forget their hunger in dreams that a great day of killing pigs was at hand. Scarcely a jackal disturbed the quiet with his childlike cry.

There was no sound in the valley, but the impatient murmur of the streams as they leaped down the hillsides, or the low moaning of the big trees far up on the ridge, except that now and then the cry of a hungry tiger, jarring horribly on the silence of night, rose up far away down the pass. The people of Taricotta were early bed-goers, and also too staunch believers in the malevolence of devils to stay out of doors after nightfall.

Beena was lying awake looking through the narrow slit in the wall, barred by wooden stanchions, which served for a window in the abbaya's house. There was a great red star resting on the summit of the war-god's hill, and casting a dusky ray into the chamber; and Beena, as she lay looking up to the light, was turning over many things in her mind. She had an instinctive feeling that her time was not far distant, and she tried bravely to sever from her heart all earthly longings, and to fix her thoughts upon the bliss and splendor of the celestial career on which she was destined to enter. She knew that the flood had been sent upon the village because of the wrath of Tari, and she divined that the villagers would take the readiest way of appeasing the goddess by a meriah sacrifice. She noticed also that the abbaya had blessed her that evening with more than his usual affection, and that his voice had trembled when he dismissed her to rest. What else could this mean than that the time for the sacrifice was at hand? The old man's grief, and Kowar's too, would, Beena tried to think, be the only drawbacks to the happiness which she wished to feel at going to Tari, and becoming a goddess. How weak and insignificant was she just now compared with what she would soon be! All that she was good for here was to help the village wives to nurse their babies, to tend sick people, to cry with those that were in trouble, and to gather berries and flowers for the children that were not able to go out into the woods. But how different would be her position when she became a goddess! She would then rest on the light clouds that hung over the valley and fling them for a shade between it and the sun at the hot noonday. She would make the evening airs cool and pleasant, and cause springs of water to open up near the village with borders of green grass and wild flowers growing round them. She would watch over the crops, and turn away the blighting dry winds from them in the hot months when the grass is crackling and the heavy ears of grain bend faintly tow-

ards the earth. She would sow the forest with flowers, and guide the children's feet far away from the nests of snakes when they went into the woods to play. And Kowar—he was rash and over-bold, and she must always hover about his path and keep him from harm! She would like to get a great red star, just like that which was shining into the room, and carry it like a lantern to lighten his way when he was belated in the forest. But should Kowar take home a wife to his hut in the hills of Boad—and Beena thought not without some bitterness that such an event was not impossible—after she had gone to Tari, then Kowar would not want her to look after him—no, no, that would be his wife's duty! And while these thoughts were passing through her mind, the starlight was interrupted, and a face put close to the window said, in a low whisper,—

“Hist, Beena, hist!”

“Kowar!” said the girl in the same tone, and rose, and, casting her garments round her, went softly out of the door.

Kowar was standing by the side of the house in the dim starlight, with his rifle poised upon his arm in case of attack. He had put aside his leopard-skin cloak lest he might have to trust to his speed to save himself; and he now stepped forward and took Beena's hand as the girl came cautiously out.

“Oh, Kowar,” she whispered, “why did you venture to come here? If any one should see you the village would be roused, and you would be taken and slaughtered.”

“Not while I can raise this rifle to my shoulder,” said Kowar proudly. “It will be the life of any man in Taricotta to lay hand on me. But, Beena, you are in danger. Bullal, the hunter, who passed through Taricotta last evening, heard that a day had been fixed for the sacrifice, and that to-morrow your locks will be shorn. Lose no time; if there is anything you wish to take with you, seize it and let us make for the hills of Boad, for we must get outside the Taricotta valley before to-morrow at daybreak.”

“Nay, but, Kowar,” said Beena, endeavoring to be firm, although she felt much inclined to cry, “I belong to the goddess, and may not desert her service. Shall I turn my back upon the people of Taricotta, and leave those to the anger of Tari who have been my fathers and have fed me since I was a child?”

“Yes, as they feed a lamb for the butchering-knife,” said Kowar angrily; “but you owe no debt to them, Beena, for it was not by your own free will that you came to

the village. So come, let us take to the forest. All the hunters in the hills of Boad now call me their captain, and I could soon raise as many men as would make the people of Taricotta stand their distance.”

“But not Tari, Kowar; not Tari,” said Beena sadly. “Of what avail would all your strength be against the wrath of the goddess? The snake and the tiger are her servants, and she holds the floods and the lightnings in her hands. What would it profit us to purchase a short-lived happiness by displeasing her, and with the certainty before us that her vengeance would speedily follow with tenfold force? We cannot thwart the gods, but they will more than requite us for our disobedience.”

“All folly,” said Kowar, impatiently. “Look at me. Don't you think that if Tari could, she would harm me because I ran away from her? And what has she been able to do to me? Have I not been the luckiest hunter on all the hills, from Kimedy to Boad? Do not all the other *shikarries* (hunters) give place to me, although I have barely been two years among them? Have I not found favor among the English sahibs, and got presents from them? Does that look like punishment?”

“It may come yet, Kowar,” said Beena, with a sigh; “but it shall not, if I can prevent it. When I am a goddess I shall intercede with Tari for you, and I shall always watch over you, and keep you from harm. When you see the blue clouds curling over the valley you will think that I am looking down at you; and you will remember me when the stars come out at night, and say to yourself that Beena is guiding their light down to shine upon you, will you not, Kowar?”

“Beena,” said the young man, “do not let them deceive you with idle stories which are only meant to make you submit quietly to be murdered. The English sahibs and the people in the plains know better than us poor jungly beasts, and they say that the worship of Tari is all lies, and the fine tales which are told to the meriahs about becoming gods and goddesses utter falsehoods.”

“Kowar,” said the girl, with ashy face and trembling lips, “if you love me, do not say such things. Think what a trial I have to go through, and do not destroy the only hope that can give me strength to undergo it.”

“Tush,” said Kowar; “you will come away with me from this quickly. Get a *chaddar* (cloak) to wrap round you, and let

us be off this instant. If the abbaya were roused, it might be death to both of us, for I would not like to point my rifle at the old man. Come, then."

"Never, Kowar; it cannot be," said Beena, in a low and sad, but firm tone as she shrank back from the grasp which he laid on her arm. "I shall not betray the village. I love the people well; and how can I show my love better than by giving my blood for them that they may thrive. I am Tari's meriah."

"You silly little fool," said Kowar, losing his temper; "if you only knew as well as I do what it is to be tied to the stake, with the cruel, glittering axe flashing before your eyes, you would not want two tellings to take this chance of escape. But come, if you will not go of yourself, I must carry you; and remember, if you scream you will sacrifice my life as well as your own;" and he seized Beena by the waist, and was about to toss her up on his broad shoulders, when a deep voice behind him called out, "Hold!" Kowar quitted his grasp of the girl, and raised his rifle as he stood face to face with the abbaya.

"Put down your gun," said the old man in a low tone. "I fear it not; but I mean you no harm, Kowar. Stand aside, and speak with me a few words."

"Am I free to go, abbaya?" said Kowar, respectfully. "I tell you I will not be taken without fighting by any man in Taricotta."

"You are free to go," said the abbaya. "I swear it by the skin of the tiger, and may the brute devour me if I speak falsely."

Kowar followed the old man apart until they stood under the shade of the great cotton-tree, beneath which the village councils were held.

"They tell me, Kowar," said the old man, speaking in a whisper as if he feared lest the very leaves overhead might learn his secret — "they tell me that you have found much favor with the English sahibs, and that the great lords in the plains listen to your words about what is going on in the hills. Now, Kowar, the sahibs are anxious to stop the meriahs, and if they knew that Beena was to be sacrificed at sunset on the fourth day from this, they would very likely send soldiers to put a stop to the rite. And, Kowar, you are a well-wisher to the village which gave you food for so many years, and you would surely never give information to the sahibs about this. They would be sure to come and stop it, if they knew. That

is what I wished to say to you, Kowar; and now go, and the gods keep your path. You understand me, do you not?" and through the darkness the old man shot a look full of cunning meaning into the youth's face, as he left Kowar standing beneath the cotton-tree.

The hunter remained for a moment looking into the barrel of his rifle, in deep reflection. "By the sword of Loha Pennu, god of war, the old man wants her rescued; and rescued she shall be. I shall go straight down the pass to Macpherson Sahib, and get a party of *paiks* (militia) to stop the sacrifice, and take away Beena. And now for a march down to the hot plains."

"I have not betrayed the village," said the abbaya to himself, as he went back to his couch; "no, I have not betrayed the village. How could I have seized a strong young man armed with a gun? And I distinctly told him *not* to tell the English sahibs that there was to be a meriah sacrifice. No; no one can say that I have betrayed the village," and applying this consideration, with somewhat doubtful success, to the relief of his conscience the abbaya soon composed himself to sleep.

## VI.

ON the evening of the fourth day, when the sun was sinking down towards the hills, a procession was formed at the door of the abbaya's house, and with it came every man, woman, and child that was able to travel in Taricotta, all dressed in their gayest holiday attire, their heads and necks garlanded with flowers, and most of the men considerably excited by deep draughts of the mhowa liquor.

All the solemn preliminaries of a meriah sacrifice had been duly observed. The villagers went out in solemn procession, in newly-washed clothes and with perfumed hair, to the meriah grove, and had publicly vowed human flesh to Tari. The priest had gone to the abbaya's house, attended by the village elders, and had caused the panwa to sheer Beena's silken locks. The maiden was then clothed in white, and a crown of rare wild-flowers put upon her head, while all the people in the village pressed into the room to worship her, and to present her with sweet-meats and flowers. Beena received them with calm resignation. The terrible position in which she was now placed was one for which she had been educated all her life, and she now fell naturally into it. What perhaps disquieted her most was



that, instead of the warm, loving welcome with which the women and children of the village used to greet her, they now came forward and presented their offerings with reverential and awestruck looks, making her feel as if she were already severed from the rest of humanity. She tried hard to fix her mind upon the glory which awaited her, and which was now so near her reach, and to keep out of her thoughts the terrible ordeal by which it must be attained. Sometimes the wicked words which Kowar had said would flash across her mind, but she firmly dismissed them as impious, and prayed that Tari would strengthen the faith of her handmaiden. Now and then thoughts of Kowar's hut among the hills of Boad would come into her head; but on these she would not dwell, except to think how she would linger about the spot when she was a goddess, and make the fairest flowers and the most delicious fruit grow about its doors, and ward off all wild beasts from its neighborhood. She held out her hands to the little girls who had been her playmates, but though they kissed her when she bade them, it was with solemn, awestruck faces, very unlike the laughing countenances which they would have shown her a day or two before; and Beena began to feel the distance in which her position had placed her from her friends, and to long wearily that it was all over.

Meanwhile the villagers outside held high festival. Many kids had been killed, and large jars of mhowa liquor brewed. Beena could hear the men shouting and dancing half through the night. In truth, they had need to intoxicate themselves, for they all loved Beena so much that but for the excitement of drinking and of their wild dances, they could not have had nerve to persevere in their cruel purpose. Only the abbaya stalked gloomily about the village, taking no part in the festivities, and going to bed a good hour earlier than his ordinary time.

Now all was ready, and Beena the meriah was brought out and placed in a chair, wreathed with flowers, and ornamented with gaudy tinsel. The abbaya, carrying his spear and shield, headed the procession side by side with the priest, the panwa piping shrilly before them. Four sturdy shoulders raised the meriah's throne; and the abbaya led the way up the slope in the direction of the isolated grove, where, as long as they could remember, the villagers had been wont to sacrifice to the goddess. Beena's face was deadly pale, but her eyes which were turned upward

towards the sky were lit up with an enthusiasm which no earthly terrors could quench. Now and then she mechanically joined in snatches of the hymn in praise of Tari, which the villagers sang as they marched along, and her voice rang out in clear, full, and sweet measures like the pipe of a mountain thrush. The women all came behind her weeping secretly, for it would have been accounted of evil omen, if the oblation of the day had been marred by any outward signs of grief. The men also felt nervous, and oppressed with a vague dread, quite different from the wild enthusiasm with which they were usually wont to celebrate the sacrifice.

The grove was reached. The abbaya stuck his spear into the ground, and cast a doubtful glance about him. The chair was lowered, and Beena, with folded hands and eyes firmly fixed upon the skies, walked forward and placed her back against a great white stake, that had been erected in the centre of the grove. The priest and the panwa speedily bound the girl to it, for the abbaya, who ought to have taken the chief part in the ceremonial, did nothing but look moodily on. The villagers gathered round in a semicircle, leaving the priest standing before the victim, and the long ritual of prayers and interrogatories that form the prelude to the sacrifice commenced.

On a small spot of green sward high up on the brow of the hill, and screened by a tall, fern-crested rock from the hot rays of the declining sun, Kowar was lying at full length in the grass. He had travelled that day from his home in the distant ranges of Boad, and he was now resting himself while he ate his frugal dinner of dried flesh and rice-cakes. Besides his rifle, Kowar had stuck a light axe, such as the Khonds use for hand-to-hand fighting, into his belt, and the leopard skin was folded so as to serve for a shield to his breast and left arm.

"It is nearly the time," he said to himself, as he turned on his elbow, and looked up to the sun. "The *naik* (corporal) and his men must have nearly reached the top of the pass by this time, and will be waiting for me to guide them to the meriah grove. These bloodthirsty brutes will get a surprise when we burst in among them. I hope they will show some fight, for there are one or two of them whose skins I would not be sorry to drub."

He rose and taking his rifle in his hand, scrambled a few feet up the face of the rock, and looked down over the tree-tops into the valley below.

"I see them gathering at the abbaya's house," he muttered, shading his eyes with his hands. "There goes Nenko, and there Mahang the blacksmith, and there are crowds of the women. I must be off, and lead on the *paiks* (militia).

"Dear Beena! how happy we shall be when safe in the hills of Boad. She will be timid at first, and will be always in dread of the wrath of the goddess. All lies, utter lies! What has Tari ever been able to do to me, who blackened her face for her in Taricotta? That for her!" and in the exuberance of his spirits Kowar pointed his piece at the sky, and made a motion with his finger as if he had pulled the trigger.

He walked briskly down the forest foot-path leading in the direction of the top of the pass, where was a party of paiks and policemen, which the English commissioner, Captain Macpherson, had readily sent to assist him in rescuing the meriah. His heart was so light that it was with difficulty he could keep from dancing, and he tossed his rifle carelessly about in the air, regardless of the danger of its going off. With eyes uplifted to watch the fall of the rifle, and hands outstretched to deftly catch it by the stock and the barrel, he did not notice that a drowsy snake was basking in the afternoon sunshine on the open path until he had put his naked foot upon a cold fold of its body. With a bound Kowar sprang back, but not faster than the angry reptile had raised its hood, curved back its body and with a hiss of rage planted its poison fangs deep in the fleshy part of Kowar's leg; and then quick as thought, drew back and raised itself on the defensive, with outspread hood and neck swelling and trembling with fury. In another instant Kowar had fired, and the snake after one or two convulsive wriggles lay dead, a headless mass before him on the path.

Then Kowar drew a long breath, and looked first at the snake and then down at his wounded limb. "A cobra, by all the gods!" he cried with a groan of agony, "and I am but a dead man. This must be the vengeance of Tari come upon me at last. But she-devil that she is, I care not for her, and though I have not many hours to live I shall baulk her of another victim. Keep up heart, Kowar, and die like a man with your defiance in the foul face of the delighter-in-blood."

He tied a piece of string round his leg immediately above the wound, which was already beginning to swell, and taking the point of his hunting-knife, he cut out a

bit of flesh round about the puncture made by the poison-fangs, and let the blood flow freely down. He then reloaded his rifle, and set out with weak and uncertain steps down the forest.

"If I could only reach the party," he thought, "and tell them how to make their way to the meriah grove. But I feel that cursed poison working in me, and my legs will hardly carry me much farther. The brutes!—the cruel, hard-hearted brutes!—will murder her; and I so near, and yet unable to raise a hand to save her."

He struggled on with set teeth and shaking limbs, sweating at every pore, and reeling from side to side of the path like a drunken man. At last he leaned heavily against a tree, and tore off some of the bark with his teeth to cool his burning palate.

"Oh, gods!" he groaned, "I can go no farther. Yes, Tari, you have conquered, but take my dying curse and defiance. I feel the cold stiffness creeping over me. Water! water! oh for a draught of water!" And he sank down helpless and shivering at the foot of the tree, and lay in a heap which would have seemed lifeless but for the spasmodic sighs in which he drew his breath.

It was only for a few minutes that Kowar lay there.

"The axe! the axe!" he cried, starting up suddenly. "I see the axe! Hold, I will save her! I say you shall not slay her!" And, springing to his feet with the strength of frenzied delirium, he dashed down through the jungle, heedless of all obstacles, in the direction of the meriah grove, and again fell trembling and breathless on the bare summit of a cliff, from which he could see the place of sacrifice, and the bloody tragedy that was being enacted in it, three or four hundred yards below him.

As he lay there, he collected his senses with a desperate effort, and took in the scene that was before him. The janni had finished his litany, and, with the axe in his hand, now stood by ready to strike at the white figure which, bound closely to the stake, seemed as motionless as if already dead. Straining his eyes, Kowar could mark that the abbaya appeared to interfere, but several of the village elders took him by the arm and forcibly pulled him back.

"And now," said Kowar, "one last shot at that demon with the axe, and then I shall lie down and die. My hand shakes and my sight is dim, but I am sure I can strike him. Beena, dear Beena," he cried feebly, raising himself on one knee, "this

is all that I can do for you—yes, all—  
all!”

He fired, and the bullet struck, not the priest, but the abbaya who had sprung forward to arrest the blow that the janni had raised his arm to strike, and who now fell dead, shot through the heart, over the bloody corpse of the victim at the stake, while a loud cry of sorrow rose up from the valley to the ear of Kowar.

“Beena!” he whispered; “Beena! I am coming—wait for me!” and he fell back dead, his smoking rifle still clutched firmly in his hands.

This was the last meriah that was sacrificed at Taricotta, or in any village of those highlands. When the paiks, impatient of Kowar's delay, made their way to the meriah grove, they found that blood had been already shed, and the people were standing by looking stupidly at the bodies of Beena and the abbaya, and not knowing what to do next. The flesh of the meriah ought, according to the rite, to have been parted among the householders of Taricotta, each of whom would have buried his portion in his own field, to ensure the blessing of the goddess upon his crops. But this the paiks would not allow, and the bodies of Beena and the abbaya were buried in one grave. The priest and the panwa, with Beer and Nenko and Mahang the blacksmith, were carried off to the plains, and punished with fines and imprisonment by the English magistrates, according to the degree in which each had been implicated in the murder of the meriah. And soon after the English stretched out a firm hand over the hills, so that no one dared henceforth to gratify the taste of Tari for human blood.

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#### THE BRIGANDS OF BULGARIAN SONG.

IN the opinion of Slavonic enthusiasts, the Bulgarians are the most remarkable people on the face of the earth, occupying that place in the history of civilization which is commonly assigned to the Greeks. Orpheus was a Bulgarian, so likewise was Alexander the Great. Certain ballads have come to light, the heroes in some of which are indubitably identical with those of classical antiquity, Orpheus flourishing as Orfen, the Macedonian conqueror as Iskander; and from these ballads a tolerably complete system of mythology might be evolved. The only difficulty is that the

authenticity of the ballads themselves is doubtful, and that it is hard to tell where ancient tradition begins and invention comparatively modern leaves off. The possibility remains that Aristotle was not a Bulgarian after all, and that the original language in which he wrote his “Organon” was not one of the Slavonic dialects.

Under these circumstances we pass over those Bulgarian songs, which ostensibly abound in mythologic lore, and, as they illustrate the manners and notions of a people towards whom many are now directing their mental eyes, confine our attention to certain popular songs, which, through the medium of the distinguished Slavonic scholar, Mr. Auguste Dozon, have recently come within the sphere of Western consciousness; the songs, namely, which in the choicest vernacular record the exploits of the Bulgarian brigand. The events recorded in these certainly do not belong to a remote antiquity, and we can hardly suppose that they do not represent to some degree the moral condition of the nation from the midst of which they sprang.

The Bulgarian brigand, according to the lays of his own people, is a ruffian so thoroughly atrocious and ignoble, that it would be hard to find his parallel. We begin by wondering how a poet could be found to record his atrocities with the utmost complacency, as if he were telling the most innocent tale in the world; and hearing that the lays are popular, we marvel at the people to whom they could afford delight. If the Bulgarian brigand made his appearance in a London transpontine theatre, he would certainly be driven from the stage by the unanimous voice of the gallery, rendered more imperious by missiles of orange-peel.

The explanation of his popularity at home is to the effect that, with all his faults, he is not very different in principle from the peasants who listen to records of his exploits. Many of these, it is said, were brigands in their youth, though they have now receded into quiet life, and they regard the depredations committed on the road as good-humored old gentlemen regard the wild oats sown by heedless youth. This explanation, it need scarcely be observed, though it somewhat extenuates the individual atrocity of the brigand, does so by lowering our estimate of the nation.

The account of a “Residence in Bulgaria,” published in 1869, by Captain St. Clair and Mr. C. A. Brophy, is so avowedly in favor of the Turkish government, and of the expediency of leaving it to

work its own way, that the dismal accounts which they gave of the village where they resided, one for nearly three years, the other for eleven months, might naturally lead to the suspicion that they looked on surrounding objects through somewhat too dark a medium. But certainly in all that they say of the brigand, to whom they devote many pages, they are more than borne out by the native poems now before us. He who could paint a Bulgarian robber more black than he is painted by a Bulgarian bard must discover a pigment hitherto unknown.

Something akin to the chivalric spirit occasionally to be found among the marauders of western Europe may be discovered—as the two English residents have pointed out—in the *balkan chelibi*, a “gentleman of the past;” but he is a Turk, generally descended from aristocrats, who were as practically independent as our feudal barons of the olden time. He abhors murder, and is not incapable of generous actions; but it is not of him, nor of any one like him, that the popular ballads treat. Among the *hayduts* or brigands proper, there could not possibly be a Jack Sheppard, inclined to boast that in spite of his manifold breaches of the eighth commandment he never took a life. These rejoice in murder even more than in plunder, and in their latter days their pleasures of memory increase proportionally with the number of families whom they have plunged into utter misery. A Lancashire “rough” vaunting how often he had stamped out the features of a fellow-man with a hob-nail shoe, might find a school of poetry akin to that of the robber-ballad of Bulgaria. A song, expressing the farewell of the brigand Libén to the Ancient Mountain, that is to say, the Hæmus, is a characteristic specimen of its class.\* The robber is about to become respectable, marry the daughter of the pope (priest) Nicolas, and retire into private life. The appellation *pallikar*, which is attached to him, is of Greek origin, and frequently recurs in mediæval Greek poetry. It signifies a fighting comrade, in the broadest sense of the term; and probably a member of the prize-ring, if the institution had been familiar, would have been admitted into the category. A lyric celebrating Robin Hood would possibly have found

an equivalent in “Merryman;” Robert Blueskin would very possibly have suggested “Dolly Pal.” Here is the song:—

On the mountain's top stood the pallikar,  
Leading to the forest, shouting his farewell.  
To the woods and streams thus outspake  
Libén:

“Hear me, leafy forest,  
Hear me, running streams!  
Forest, thou rememb’rst well,  
Oft I’ve stray’d beneath thy boughs,  
Followed by my brave troop of pallikars,  
Waving high my crimson flag.  
Many mothers I into grief have plung’d,  
Many homes were made desolate by me;  
Wives I’ve caused to weep, orphans I have  
made —  
That, amid their tears, they might curse me  
all.

Forest, friend, farewell.  
To my mother’s home I go,  
She’ll betroth and marry me  
To the daughter of the pope —  
Pope Nicolas.”

Never does the forest speak,  
But to brave Libén thus did it reply: —  
“Voivode Libén, voivode,  
Thou hast stray’d beneath my boughs,  
Followed by thy brave troop of pallikars,  
Waving high thy crimson flag  
On the summits of the mountain old,  
When the shade was fresh and cool,  
When the grass was soft and green.  
Many mothers thou into grief hast plung’d,  
Many homes were made desolate by thee;  
Wives through thee have wept, orphans thou  
hast made —

And, amid their tears, even me they curse.  
Yes, me; because of thee.  
Until now, Voivode Libén,  
Mother unto thee has this mountain been;  
The greenwood was thy only love,  
Deck’d out with all its foliage,  
Rustling lightly in the breeze.  
For thee the grass a bed prepar’d;  
The leaves thy only cov’ring were,  
The limpid streams refresh’d thee;  
For thee the birds pour’d forth their song —  
Yes, Libén, for thee.  
Rejoice, rejoice, brave pallikar!  
When thou art glad, the wood is gay;  
The streams, the mountains, all are gay.  
To the forest now dost thou bid farewell:  
Now thou seek’st thy mother’s home,  
She’ll betroth and marry thee  
To the daughter of the pope —  
Pope Nicolas.

In spite of the ruffianism that lies unconcealed at the basis of this wild song, there is about it a certain amount of pathos. If the brigand is pleased with the reflection that he has increased the number of widows and orphans, he, at any rate, loves his forest, and his forest loves him in return. Under very difficult circumstances, love is, at all events, found somewhere.

\*Some of the ballads given here have been translated into a sort of rhythm, after a fashion which produces an effect not altogether dissimilar to that of the original. The Bulgarian poet, it should be stated, relies much on accent and knows nothing of rhyme. — O. J.

The fact that—as may be supposed—no Claude Duval is to be found among Bulgarian brigands, may be illustrated by the following effusions:—

Lalcho thus spake out to his pallikars:

"Pallikars, my men of mettle,  
I have learn'd that Kerima,  
Kerima, the fair-hair'd Turkish lady,  
Soon will come this way  
With four hundred chosen men,  
Nearly all black Asiatics,  
With a sprinkling of Arnauts.  
Who will dare attack Kerima?  
She a golden necklace wears—  
Who will take away that necklace,  
Plant a kiss upon her throat?"  
Not a man came forth to answer  
Except the pallikar, young Dimitri.  
Then to him spake the other pallikars:  
"Young Dimitri, lay no wager  
Touching this fair Turk, Kerima,  
If thou dost, thou'rt mad, Dimitri.  
Thou wilt never match Kerima,  
She will make an end of thee."

Young Dimitri made no answer  
But put on his choicest garments,  
And to meet Kerima sallied forth;  
Greeted her while in the distance,  
And when near her kiss'd the border of her dress.

Thus he said unto Kerima:  
"Fairest of the fair, Kerima,  
I shall die through love for thee,  
And into thine ear I would breathe a word—  
Pray let thy train go on before."  
She was foolish, fair Kerima,  
And she let her train go on before,  
Let Dimitri come into her carriage.  
Then said young Dimitri to Kerima:  
"Dearest love, my own Kerima,  
Raise that pretty head a little;  
For I fain would kiss thy throat  
Just above the golden necklace."  
She was foolish, fair Kerima.  
Scarcely had she raised her head,  
When he struck it from the shoulders,  
Then wrenched off the golden necklace,  
Stripp'd her of her precious garments,  
Booty-laden, left the carriage  
And return'd with all his speed to Lalcho,  
At whose feet he flung the head.  
The pallikars look'd on and were astonish'd  
That young Dimitri had deceived  
The fair-hair'd Turk, Kerima.

In another ballad, which perhaps tells the same story with a variation, a Turkish lady, likewise named Kerima, is slaughtered under similar circumstances by Boïana, a female brigand of Roumania. The portion of the poem which records the ordeal through which Boïana, on account of her sex, had to pass in order to become a chief, may be fairly quoted:—

From the foot of the White Barrow  
Boïana, the Wallachian, cried aloud:

"Mother, mother, sell or pawn  
All the silk and linen dresses  
That were purchased for my wedding.  
Your Wallachian girl, mother, leaves thee now,  
To become the chief of seventy pallikars.  
Seventy and seven—  
I shall be their chief."  
All the pallikars consented,  
All save one, a surly goatherd—  
Boïana then lifted up her voice:  
"Hear me, faithful friends and comrades!  
Heap together heavy loads of wood,  
Light a blazing fire  
On it toast a large pogatcha,  
In which you first will put a coin of yellow gold,  
Share it among all, each must have a part.  
He whose share contains the piece of gold  
The captain shall become  
Of seven and seventy pallikars."  
They heaped together loads of wood,  
Lit a blazing fire,  
Toasted on it a pogatcha,  
In which was hid a piece of yellow gold.  
The pieces then were handed round  
To all the seven and seventy comrades.  
To Boïana's lot fell the piece of gold:  
Their captain therefore she must be—  
But still the goatherd gave not his consent.  
So Boïana lifted up her voice:  
"Hear me, faithful friends and comrades!  
Hang a ring upon the beech-tree;  
We will aim at it all with our bows.  
He who sends his arrow fairly through it  
Shall be captain of all."  
All aimed at the ring hanging on the tree,  
None pierced the ring besides Boïana.  
But still the goatherd gave not his consent.  
So Boïana lifted up her voice:  
"Hear me, faithful friends and comrades!  
In the ground you will fix nine sabres,  
That all may leap over them in turn;  
He who with one leap can clear them  
Shall be captain of all."  
The pallikars obey'd her orders,  
And fix'd nine sabres in a row,  
That over them the pallikars might leap.  
None of them to leap was able.  
Boïana the Wallachian clear'd them all.  
And the space of nine sabres more.  
She was followed by the goatherd.  
Sabres eight he deftly clear'd,  
But he stumbled at the ninth.  
Boïana was declared the chief,  
And conducted all her pallikars  
To the summits of the mountain old.

After nine years, Boïana gives a final polish to her glory by perpetrating an atrocity almost identical with that of the ungallant Dimitri.

There are some details in the ballad cited above which are worth notice. The number of Boïana's pallikars, seventy-seven, is as conventional—as the number three in ordinary fairy-tales, and a good fighter generally receives wounds to that



amount. The combination, "coin of yellow gold," is not to be regarded as pleonastic. It is a literal translation of the original *jelta jeltitsa*, and corresponds to the English slang, "yellow-boy," and the French slang *jaunet*. The word *pogatcha* is simply a corruption of the Italian *fogaccio*, and denotes a cake of unleavened wheaten flour—say, a large captain's biscuit. It is almost superfluous to remark that the first of the three tests proposed by Boïana is identical with the expedient used by the French to determine the king of a Twelfth-night festival.

We must not rush to the conclusion that the ideal brigand of the Bulgarians is entirely without a conscience. The contrary is shown by a ballad treating of Ivantcho and Draganka, a brother and sister, who together quitted private life that they might enjoy a free existence on the Old Mountain. Ivantcho had complained that since they had taken to the roads not a single *hasna* had passed their way; the *hasna* being the aggregate amount of treasure in hard cash collected by the pachas, and sent with a convoy to Constantinople. This was, of course, a splendid prize, compared to which the old mail-coach, ardently coveted by Dick Turpin and his like, was as nothing. At last it is ascertained that a *hasna* is on the road, and Ivantcho thus addresses his sister, having complimented her on her docility previously shown:—

"Take this bunch of keys, Draganka,  
Bring the white tents from the cellar,  
In the meadows of the beylik  
Thou wilt duly set them up,  
Also thou'lt inclose a garden,  
Sown with flowers of every kind.  
When a convoy is in sight  
To the garden thou wilt go,  
Gather flowers of every kind,  
And these to nosegays thou wilt deftly make.  
To every one who passes give a nosegay,  
To the standard-bearer two.  
Thus the party will be well amused  
And thou'lt make them wait for my arrival,  
When my head has ceased to ache  
And with fire I no longer burn."

Draganka does not object, but she does not like the task imposed upon her, and she hints that her brother might be satisfied with the plunder which he has already acquired, and which handsomely fills ten caverns, and desist from further depredations. She is informed, however, by Ivantcho that the proceeds of the new adventure are to be applied to pious uses. He would build a monastery dedicated to

St. John, a church dedicated to Saint Dragoma, and a stone bridge.

This appeal to her religious feelings was too much for Draganka, and she went forth to obey her brother's orders. But when she met the convoy her former compunction returned, and she yielded to the entreaties of the treasurer, who implored her to let the convoy pass. Pass it did, to the infinite disgust of her brother, who, coming to the spot where he had hoped to acquire a treasure and finding nothing, was wrathful indeed. Nay, so deeply was Draganka moved by his wrath that she retraced her steps, overtook the convoy, slew upwards of three hundred persons, and returned with the booty to her brother, to whom she said:—

"Brother, brother, poor Ivantcho,  
Thou art sick, thou soon wilt die,  
Yet thou wilt not cease from plunder."

He died before her speech was concluded, leaving behind him—it is expressly stated—all his riches. This reflection seems to indicate some kind of moral, which is, perhaps, to this effect—that it is perfectly justifiable to live but not to die a brigand. Here we have an instance of very grim contrition:—

The leafy forest glows with life,  
The mother's heart is filled with grief.  
To Stoïan, her son, she says:

"Stoïan, my Stoïan,  
Through the summer thou hast taken nought,  
Trav'lers pass'd this way the other night,  
And for thee the pallikars inquired:  
'Tell us, mother, Stoïan, where is he  
Young Stoïan, the gallant pallikar?  
With him we could seek for booty  
At Rila in the mountain old.'

To his mother said Stoïan:  
"Mother, have you not sufficient,  
Nine carriages all filled with riches,  
A tenth, too, filled with coins of yellow gold?  
Surely thou art weary, mother,  
Of hiding slaughter'd trav'lers' corpses,  
And washing blood-stain'd shirts."

"Only listen, son Stoïan,  
Lest this summer bring some booty,  
Then, long as thou livest, rest in peace."

To his mother spake Stoïan:  
"Mother, mother, glorious words thou speak'st,  
Let me see the tongue

That can give such wonderful advice."  
He deceiv'd his mother,  
And when she put forth her tongue,  
Straight he cut it from her mouth.  
Then he went into the gloomy stable,  
Took out three mules, laden with golden coin,  
Led them alone unto the holy mountain,  
Into the monastery of Chilendar,  
And there became a monk.

Another mother, who gave sounder ad-

vice to her son Tatountcho, fared much better, though her virtuous counsel was not followed. This excellent lady told her son that his profession as a brigand did not enable him to support his parent, and suggested that he should sell his sabre, purchase a couple of sturdy buffaloes, till his paternal soil, and sow wheat. This advice was strictly followed. Tatountcho for a short time led a life of industry and virtue, but he soon found that in Bulgaria the proverb that "honesty is the best policy" did not hold good. He tried to combine agricultural pursuits with highway robbery, but the sultan, overlooking the former, took notice of the latter only, and despatched three hundred men to decapitate Tatountcho wherever he might be found. The persecuted man met his pursuers boldly, and then made a speech to the goad wherewith he had driven his buffaloes:—

"Goad, blessed goad,  
Three days it cost to cut you down,  
And three days more to bring you home;  
So in return,  
From these black soldiers set me free."

This looks pretty, but Tatountcho was as arrant a ruffian as any of his countrymen. Of three hundred soldiers he cut down all but three, and in spite of the entreaties of the trio, and their asseveration that they were the only sons of their respective mothers, he added the three to the others. Wicked man as he was, according to Western notions, he had carried his point, for he plucked the girdle containing a purse from all his victims, and flinging the aggregate booty into the old lady's lap (or at her head) boldly asked if a brigand could not keep a mother.

The immense number of persons whom a brigand, male or female, is enabled to kill single-handed takes away one's breath. People are still alive who recollect a time when one average Englishman was held to be more than enough for six picked French, but the Bulgarian poet betakes himself to hundreds when we were content with units.

The brigand when at home is not a whit more amiable than when abroad on some professional engagement, and it may be doubted whether Mr. William Sykes, ruffian as he was, would willingly have associated with one Koyo, who is celebrated in a ballad of more than ordinary length. This Koyo having been married for several years, and become a prosperous man as a peasant, was so much disappointed at not finding himself the father of a family

that he resolved to begin life anew as a brigand, put himself at the head of a troop, and either gain a rich booty or be knocked on the head. He therefore took an affectionate leave of his wife, Stana, enjoining her to await his return for some years, at the expiration of which she would be at liberty to marry. At the same time he expressed a wish to have a successor worthy of himself, by which he certainly did not set up an unreasonably high standard. After his departure Stana remained a lone woman for seven years and a month to boot, and even then she would not have taken another husband had not her brother, Ougren, insisted on marrying her to his friend Stoian, so fearful was she that Koyo might return in a dangerous mood in spite of her compliance with his conditions. Nor did her forebodings prove untrue. A few days after the wedding the formidable Koyo reappeared at the head of seventy-seven men, slew Stoian and his brother, and feasted his troop for three whole days, having first covered Stana with pitch and lit her as a torch to illuminate the banquet. Possibly his countrymen regarded it as a *circonstance atténuante* that his wife's second husband was a *djelep*, that is to say, a person employed to count sheep with a view to the adjustment of taxation. Such an official would be about as popular in Bulgaria as an exciseman among the proprietors and patrons of illicit stills in Ireland. "Stoian," it may be observed, is a name so extremely common that its recurrence in many ballads by no means implies a reference to the same individual. Here, for instance, is a Stoian whose end shows that a Bulgarian villain is capable of at least one virtue, once highly esteemed by his fellow-craftsmen in the West, that of "dying game."

Hard was the lot of Stoian,  
On two high-roads they watch'd for him,  
And on the third they held him fast,  
Then with thick cords they bound his milk-  
white hands,  
And took him to the dwelling of the pope.  
Two daughters had the pope,  
A daughter-in-law, named Gula, too,  
This Gula, churning, stood  
Behind the little garden-gate,  
The daughters swept the yard;  
And thus to Stoian they said:  
"To-morrow they will hang thee, Stoian.  
At the palace of the sultan,  
That his children and sultana  
May take pleasure in the sight."  
Then said Stoian to Gula:  
"Gula, since they mean to hang me,  
Have they sent to the bazaar,  
There to purchase needful ropes?"

Then to Stoian said Gula :  
 " They have sent to the bazaar,  
 Have already bought the ropes."

Then said Stoian to Gula :  
 " Are these comely girls the sisters  
 Of thy husband?" She replied :  
 " Little, surely, can it matter  
 Whether they are friends or sisters."

Then said Stoian to Gula :  
 " Kindly ask the youngest, pray,  
 That since they have resolv'd to hang me,  
 If she'll deign to wash my shirt —  
 Take the knot from out my hair.  
 To my thinking, Gula dear,  
 When a paillikar is hung,  
 He should wear a snow-white shirt,  
 And his hair should freely float."

And in the person of the gallant Stoian  
 we may take leave of the brigand of Bul-  
 garian song.

JOHN OXENFORD.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
 THE LITURGY OF THE JEWS.

BY A JEW.

IN the legislative assemblies and administrative systems of Europe, in the walks of literature and science, art and commerce, Israelites mingle freely with Christians. But take the Jews as a community, and you will find them isolated, exclusive, and frequently narrow-minded. They are possessed of peculiar notions as to what is expected of them in defence of their religion, and even liberal Israelites will often sacrifice their own opinions from this cause. They think it is the proper thing to do as their fathers did before them, even though their fathers may have been obviously unwise in what they did. This "conservatism" on the part of the Jews is driving out of the community its ablest members; it is disintegrating the Jewish nation, for the rising generation of Israelites will know the "why and wherefore;" and, unfortunately, Jewish observances do not admit of sifting criticism. As long as public worship is deemed a necessary adjunct to religious belief, synagogue services will influence the spiritual status of the Israelites. For a man to be looked upon as a good Jew he must conform to the ritual of his people. At the present moment this ritual is the cause of great contention in the Jewish community in England. There is a large and growing party crying out for the modification of the prayer-book, and unless this demand is complied with it requires no great power of prediction to prophesy an unprecedented division in the

Jewish camp. It is with a view of giving a notion of the Jewish liturgy, and the influence it has upon the younger Jews, that I now write. My remarks are the result of patient and respectful inquiry; they are not put forth in any captious spirit, nor are they prompted by any desire to hold up the Jews to ridicule, for the sufficient reason that I am a Jew.

Down to the days of Daniel the Israelites had no book of prayer. In Daniel's time the language of the Jews was corrupted, for they spoke Hebrew with a mixture "in the speech of Ashdod." The task of preparing a book of common prayer was assigned to Ezra the scribe and the "men of the Great Assembly." The Talmud informs us that the Assembly was composed of one hundred and twenty men remarkable for their knowledge of Jewish literature and for their religious zeal, among them the prophets Haggai, Zachariah, Nehemiah, and Malachi, and Hananiah, Mishael, Azariah, and Simon the Just. These men, who wrote during the Babylonian captivity, composed all that which is beautiful and inspiring in the Jewish liturgy, all that which is appropriate and worthy of use now. These compositions are some of them very grand, and can only be fully appreciated by one who understands Hebrew, the language in which they were written. In translation into English they lose a portion of their grandeur; but here is a piece, taken from the ordinary morning prayers:—

Yea, the Most Merciful forgiveth iniquity, and destroyeth not; but frequently turneth aside His anger, and awakeneth not all His wrath. O Lord! withhold not Thy mercies from us; let Thy grace and truth continually preserve us. Save us, O Lord our God! and gather us from among the nations, that we may give thanks unto Thy holy name, and gratulate ourselves in Thy praise. O God! if Thou wilt mark our iniquities, who is it, O Lord, that can stand? Yet does pardon lie with Thee; therefore shalt Thou be revered. O deal not with us according to our sins, requite us not according to our iniquities. Although our iniquities testify against us, O Lord! yet act kindly for the sake of Thy name. O Lord! keep in mind Thy mercy and Thy benevolence, for they are eternal. The Lord will answer us in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob shall be our refuge. Save us, O Lord! The heavenly King will answer us on the day of our calling. Our Father and our King! O be gracious unto us, and regard us; although we are destitute of good works, yet act charitably with us, for Thy name's sake. O Lord our God! hear the voice of our supplications, remember the covenant with our ancestors, and help us for

the sake of Thy name. O Lord our God! hear the voice of our supplications, remember the covenant with our ancestors, and help us for the sake of Thy name. O Lord our God! Thou hast brought forth Thy people out of the land of Egypt with a mighty hand, and hast acquired a glorious name, even unto this day. We acknowledge that we have sinned; that we have acted wickedly. O Lord! according to all Thy righteousness we beseech Thee, let Thy anger and Thy wrath be turned away from Jerusalem, Thy city, and Thy holy mountain; for it is on account of our sins and the iniquities of our ancestors that Jerusalem and Thy people are become objects of reproach to all who surround us. Now, therefore, O our God! attend to the prayer of Thy servant and to his supplications, and cause Thy countenance again to shine upon Thy sanctuary, which is desolate, for Thine own sake, O Lord!

The liturgy of the Jews remained intact for many centuries; and it was not until the Middle Ages, when the full tide of persecution was turned against them, that the ritual became burdened with a number of objectionable compositions, the works of individual persons, and occasioned by particular occurrences. When the Jew's sanctuary was the synagogue, he spent there the greater portion of the day, and sometimes of the night; to mark any particular delivery from the oppressor, to note any more than ordinary calamitous circumstance, a prayer was framed, and ungrammatical and badly composed as it might be, it was introduced into the ordinary service, where it remains to the present day. In addition to this, certain Jews occupying rabbinical positions, and who are known now as poetanim, in order to exercise their ingenuity in the language of their people, wrote a large number of acrostics, serious and humorous poems, short descriptive pieces, mystical sketches of historical events, imaginary accounts of Jewish events, descriptions of heaven, of God, and the angels, and these were also placed in the prayer-book, and ordered to be recited on certain occasions. The poetan who manufactured an acrostic took his own name as the subject, and improved the occasion by giving a tabulated account of his manifold virtues and acquirements. Poems were written in such a way that the initial letters of the lines formed the Hebrew alphabet in regular order. Sometimes these compositions set forth the bounty of God; at other times the particulars of an important event in Jewish history; but sometimes even the poems meant literally nothing. The Creator is sometimes informed of the details of an event

which never occurred, or made acquainted with the virtues of a rabbi, or reminded, as in the example which follows, of what were the component parts of an incense burnt before Him by "our ancestors":—

The mixture of a perfume of incense was composed of balm, onycha, galbanum, frankincense, of each an equal weight, viz., seventy manehs; myrrh, cassia, spikenard, and saffron, of each an equal weight, sixteen manehs; costus, twelve manehs; the rind of an odoriferous tree, three manehs; cinnamon, nine manehs; soap of carsina, nine kabs; wine of capers, three seahs and three kabs; and if caper wine could not be had, strong white wine was substituted for it; salt of Sodom, the fourth part of a kab; and of an herb called *maengleh athan*, a small quantity, etc.

This is recited every Sabbath in the synagogue. In conclusion, for the present, I give an abstract or two from portions of prayer set apart for certain important occasions, and called *Piyutim*, likewise found in the prayer-book:—

O deign to hear the voice of those who glorify Thee with all their members, according to the number of the two hundred and forty-eight affirmative precepts. In this month they blow thirty sounds, according to the thirty members of the soles of their feet; the additional offerings of the day are ten, according to the ten in their ankles; they approach the altar twice, according to their two legs; five men are called to the law, according to their five joints in their knees; they observe the appointed time to sound the cornet on the first day of the month, according to the one in their thigh; they sound the horn thrice, according to the three in their hips; lo! with the additional offering of the new moon they are eleven, according to their eleven ribs; they pour the supplication with nine blessings, according to the muscles in their arms, and which contain thirty verses, according to the thirty in the palms of their hands; they daily repeat the prayer of eighteen blessings, according to the eighteen vertebrae in their spine; at the offering of the continual sacrifice they sound nine times, according to the nine muscles in their head; in the two orisons they blow eight times, according to the eight vertebrae of their neck, etc.

Or again:—

In the Assyrian character the Hebrew language and the Egyptian dialect didst Thou cause the Hebrew daughter to inherit Thy law. Thou didst cause the Beth to precede Aleph in the beginning of the creation because the Aleph was ordained from all antiquity for the delivery of the purchase of the first created thing. The world was established with the second letter to inform us that there is a second world, but *Anoche*, "I am," begins with the first letter to show that He is

one, and that there is not a second. He explained it (the law) to His people face to face, and on every point are ninety-eight explanations. The Lord saw and declared it. He prepared it, and also searched it, for those that love and keep it, and taught it sweetly to them. If it is noted backwards its letters form the following sentence, etc.

These are fair specimens of the Piyutim. In the synagogue the minister generally gabbles through one half and skips the rest; occasionally he utters them in recitative, sometimes he sings them; the devout in the congregation read them simply because they happen to be in the book, others ignore them either from indifference to their nature or from knowledge of the fact that they are nonsense.

Now, it may naturally be asked, why is not some effort made to expunge these Piyutim from the Jewish liturgy, which in other respects is grand and simple in the extreme? I answer that an association has been formed in London whose avowed object is the obliteration of these blots; but, though it has been in existence about two years, it has done nothing yet. The reason is that the Jews of this country are placed in a peculiar position with regard to their religious constitution. The government of all our spiritual affairs is in the hands of a body composed of the chief rabbi and two gentlemen who act with him, and these are designated the "ecclesiastical authorities," and hold sway over all congregations following what is called the German and Polish ritual, as distinguished from the adherents of the Sephardic synagogue, who have adopted the ritual established by the Spanish Jews, which differs somewhat from that of the former. If the opinions of the more enlightened members of the Jewish clergy were canvassed, it would be discovered that nine-tenths of them entertain a most unmitigated contempt for the Jewish liturgy as it now stands. But, unfortunately for the Jewish community in this country, the clergy have no voice in the matter, either individually or as a body; and even the chief rabbi, who possesses, or ought to possess, absolute authority in ecclesiastical matters, would not dare to approach the question of reform. The leading and wealthiest Jews are ultra-orthodox, simply, I believe, because of their orthodox traditions; and they rule the ministers, whose tenure of office depends upon their "good behavior." Dr. Adler, the present chief rabbi of the Israelites of the United Kingdom, entirely opposes alterations in or curtailment of the Jewish ritual. He

fears that if he concede a little, his flock will concede much more; and he further supports his maintenance of the present liturgy by an expression of the conviction that mere human beings have no power to effect the modifications desired. But surely what men have done man may undo, and the liturgy is essentially of human institution. To the credit of the Spanish congregation be it said that their liturgy is not disfigured by any absurdities such as I cited the other day; and in their synagogues — there are but three in the United Kingdom — the prayers are of a reasonable and comprehensible character. There is yet another body of Jews, but they are few in number, who are called Reformers, simply because they possess a remodelled service, minus the Piyutim and other objectionable portions of the ordinary prayers, and adhere to the letter and spirit of the Pentateuch only, having nothing whatever to do with the ordinations of the rabbis. But the "Germans" are the great majority, and out of every thousand there can be no doubt that at least nine hundred and ninety would hail the exclusion from the prayer-book of the Piyutim with satisfaction. Still the ecclesiastical authorities are deaf to all remonstrance and entreaty; they have shut their eyes to the defection prevalent in the Anglo-Jewish communion, and refuse to acknowledge the fact that the younger Jews who have been educated at the universities and in mixed schools look upon their liturgy with contempt, disgust, or indifference, and that their marked absence from the services of the synagogue is mainly attributable to the fact that there are portions of the service there celebrated which neither they nor the ministers can understand, in which, for instance, they find anagrams and acrostics whose proper position would be in the "Sphinx" column of a family newspaper. Even some of the most beautiful portions of the ritual were written by rabbis to mark particular events in their own lives. I take the following story from David Levi's edition of the order of service for the Jewish New Year, which gives the reason for the insertion in the liturgy of a really fine prayer, beginning with the words, "We will express the mighty holiness of this day." Rabbi Amnon, of Mayence, was a man of great merit, of an illustrious family, very rich, and much respected at the court of the Bishop of Mayence. The bishop frequently pressed him to abjure Judaism and embrace Christianity, but he was deaf to his solicitations. It happened, how-



ever, that one day in particular, when very closely pressed by the bishop and his courtiers, he, in order to evade their importunity and to silence them for the present, answered, "I will consider the subject, and give you an answer in three days." But as soon as he came out of the palace, and was left to his own reflections, his conscience smote him for the enormity of the crime he had committed in thus seeming to entertain a doubt of the true faith. He went home overwhelmed with remorse, and when meat was set before him he refused to eat or drink; and when his friends came to visit him he refused all consolation, saying, "Alas! I will go down sorrowful to the grave for this deed." On the third day, while he was thus lamenting his imprudent expression, the bishop sent for him, but he refused to go. Having thus refused the bishop's messengers several times, the bishop commanded them to seize Rabbi Amnon and bring him by force. He questioned the rabbi thus: "Why didst thou not come to me according to thy promise, and inform me whether thou didst mean to comply with my request or not?" Amnon answered, "I will pronounce sentence on myself; and that is, that my tongue which uttered the words, and thus caused me to lie, ought to be cut out." The bishop answered, "I will not cut out thy tongue, but the feet which did not come to me shall be cut off, and the other parts of thy body will I also cause to be tormented." He then ordered the rabbi's great toes, thumbs, etc., to be cut off; and after being severely tortured the rabbi was conveyed home in a coffin, Amnon bearing all with the utmost constancy and resignation. Shortly after this event came the New Year, and the rabbi, being brought into the synagogue, composed and recited the prayer beginning "We will express the mighty holiness of this day," to acknowledge that he had justly suffered for the crime he had committed, and earnestly hoped for pardon. After this he suddenly disappeared, for God took him; and in memory of this extraordinary event the prayer has ever since been said in the synagogue on the New Year by all German and Polish Jews.

I will venture no opinion as to the truth of this narrative, but, beautiful as is the prayer, Rabbi Amnon's adventures do not warrant its repetition. Pages could be filled with extracts from the prayer-book of the same kind or tendency. The movement against them is not new; for even in the age when they were composed they were objected to. Among the celebrated

Jews who wrote against them were Ibn Ezra, Maimonides, Jehuda Halevi, Solomon Parchon, Serachia Halevi, David Kimchi, David Abudrahan, Menachem ben Serach, Isaac Dar Sheshet, Nissim, Joseph Albu, Samuel di Medina (Rashdam), Solomon ben Gabirol, and Joseph Karo. Ibn Ezra launched forth much satirical abuse against the Piyutim, and in his more serious objections he says: "A person should not include in his prayers such Piyutim the real meaning of which he does not understand, and should not depend upon the author's original intention, as there is no person that does not err. The Piyutim of Rabbi Eliezer Kakalir especially are very difficult for us to understand, for four reasons, viz.: 1. Because they teem with riddles and similes referring to the writer's age and local incidents of the time; 2. Because they are not all written in Hebrew, but are a mixture of Medean, Persian, Syriac, and Arabic languages; 3. Because even the Hebrew is corrupt and full of grammatical errors; and 4. Because he does not relate facts, but traditions, *midrashim*, etc., and is altogether mystical in his writings."

A very considerable portion of the liturgy is the work of the readers or precentors of the synagogue, called *hazanim*, who, in Talmudical times, ventured to compose prayers and hymns. In post-Talmudical times the *hazanim* continued the practice, but Rapoport argues that their compositions were intended for private and not for congregational use. Whether this assertion be true or not, their compositions were first uttered in the synagogue and are retained in the liturgy. Certain it is that the Jewish people are by no means bound by any enactment, either revealed or unrevealed, to maintain ridiculous passages in their prayer-book; and the ecclesiastical authorities, by refusing to sanction their suppression, render themselves responsible for the consequences which will certainly ensue. The ministers of the respective congregations under the control of the chief rabbi have no power to act independently; but it is a matter which hardly admits of doubt that they are one and all favorably disposed to a speedy reformation of the Jewish liturgy. In conclusion, I may add that, although so many of the younger generation of Israelites are being alienated from their religion by the obstinacy of the "ecclesiastical authorities," they do not adopt any other religion in its place. They may cease to be Jews, indeed, but they do not, for all that, become Christians.

From The Saturday Review.

## THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

THE various nationalities comprised within the confines of the British empire are so numerous, and the conditions of their lives so little known, that there is a danger lest the responsibilities attaching to the possession of great power should be overlooked and ignored. Few persons perhaps have ever realized the fact that a population of nearly ninety-two thousand, comprising many distinct tribes and languages, but included under the general name of North American Indians, are subjects of the queen, and, as such, claim the sympathy and interest of Englishmen. Even in Canada, where their presence is more felt, but little is known of their real condition, excepting by the department of the government in whose especial charge they are. It is, however satisfactory to perceive that there is considerable activity in this branch of the Dominion government, that important improvements have been made in the method of dealing with the wilder tribes, and that steps are to be taken to advance the civilization of those who have adopted a more settled life and have devoted themselves to agricultural industry.

The Indian population may be divided broadly under three heads, each numbering about thirty thousand. First, there are those who reside in Ontario, Quebec, and the maritime provinces, the remnants of the tribes who were brought in contact with the original settlers, and whose names have been rendered familiar to us by Cooper's novels. Nearly half of these tribes possess reserve lands or settlements in Ontario, and are making considerable progress in agriculture. About ten thousand are scattered throughout the province of Quebec, leaving the remainder to the maritime provinces. The second division comprises the Indians of Manitoba, the North-west, and Rupert's Land. These consist mostly of wandering tribes divided into wood Indians and prairie Indians—the former subsisting principally by fishing, and the latter by hunting, the buffalo forming their staple food. But little civilization has yet reached them. Missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, have been at work with varied success for many years, and the Hudson Bay Company has exercised over them a parental sway, which has now been replaced by that of the Canadian government. The third division, of about equal numerical strength, is comprised within

the province of British Columbia, where the Indian population considerably outnumbers the white settlers. These Indians may also be subdivided into the tribes settled on the coast, who subsist by fishing, and those who are possessed of considerable property in cattle, and who occupy the valleys among the western slopes of the Rocky and Cascade Mountains. Unfortunately they are discontented with their present lot; the terms granted to them by the provisional government of British Columbia have been less favorable than that which Ontario and Quebec have conceded to the tribes within their borders, and, as they feel their numerical strength, they are the more urgent in pressing their not unjust claims.

The system of dealing with the Indian tribes which has gradually grown up, and which has worked so far well that no Indian wars have, since the British settlement, devastated Canada, may be said to consist in buying up the native claims, founded on their rights of hunting through the territories required by the settlers, by yearly grants of money or of goods to each chief and family, and by the allotment of tracts of country termed Indian reserves. This property is under the charge of an agent or superintendent, who watches over the welfare of the tribe, protects it from the encroachments of white settlers, and prevents the alienation of the property. Some large Indian reserves may be seen close to the most important cities of Canada, and those who have travelled on the St. Lawrence or the Ottawa will remember the wild and almost waste strips contrasting with the highly cultivated land on either side, and which belong to the remnants of the once famous tribes of the Iroquois and the Algonquins. The last of the Hurons occupy the village of Lorette, near Quebec, whilst the Six Nations partially cultivate a large district in the heart of the most fertile portion of Ontario, in the vicinity of the town of Brantford. All profess deep loyalty to the English crown, and appear generally contented with their condition. Some time must, however, elapse before the habits of the hunter will give place to those of the agriculturist, and even among the most civilized of the tribes many men will be found who for several months of the year leave their homes and seek the excitement of their former life among the more distant forests. The religious tenets of the settled Indians usually correspond with those of their white neighbors; the Indians of

Quebec being mostly Roman Catholics, whilst those of Ontario belong to some among the many divisions of Protestants. Paganism, however, retains its hold over many of the older men, and even in the settlements of the Six Nations some are to be found who profess the faith of their ancestors.

Passing to the second division — namely, the Indians of Manitoba and the Northwest — we find conditions of life more nearly resembling those which existed before the arrival of the white men, although even here the approach of civilization has made several marked changes. A section of the savage tribe of the Sioux, which sought refuge in our territory to avoid retribution after the Minnesota massacre, is now established in the partially civilized province of Manitoba, and the men are well reported of by the settlers as sober and industrious laborers. Treaties have been made with the Crees and the Salteaux, their internecine feuds appeased, and reserves, in the proportion of one hundred and sixty acres to each family of five persons, allotted to them on the shores of Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis. Many of these tribes had, until recently, found employment as boatmen on the Red River, and in conveying the stores from York Factory to the inland forts of the Hudson Bay Company; but the introduction of steam on Lake Winnipeg, and the change of route owing to the opening of communication with Lake Superior, had deprived them of their means of livelihood, and led them readily to welcome the settlement of their claims proposed by Mr. Morris, the lieutenant-governor of Manitoba. Along the valley of the Saskatchewan the mounted police force has established law and order, and has been welcomed as protectors by the Assiniboines and the more warlike Blackfeet. East of the Rocky Mountains, Indian affairs appear very fairly prosperous, and seem to warrant some advance in the legislation dealing with these children of the soil. An indication of this change is given in the report of Mr. Laird, the minister of the interior, who announces that the gradual enfranchisement of the Indians will be one of the most important objects of a proposed new act. Care, however, must be taken so to word its provisions that protection may be afforded to those who do not desire to avail themselves of what they may fail to consider an adequate compensation for paternal government.

On the western side of the Rocky Mountains the Indian question will, it is

feared, give more trouble; indeed, if the reports of men who have resided among the tribes are to be credited, an Indian war has only been avoided by the divisions among the Indians themselves. The great grievance, which no amount of presents or subsidies will overcome, lies in the illiberal conduct of the British Columbian government in regard to the allotment of land. Whereas, in the treaties with the Indians of Manitoba, one hundred and sixty acres of land were handed over to each family of five persons, the Indians of British Columbia are only offered twenty acres, and even this small grant has reference merely to new reserves. So deep is the feeling of discontent that two of the tribes have refused to accept their usual annual presents, lest they should appear to waive their claim for compensation for what they regard as an injustice. Three causes have led to this dissatisfaction on the part of the Indians. Since communication with the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains has become more frequent, information has reached them of the better terms awarded to the tribes of Manitoba, and consequently they require similar treatment from the government of British Columbia. Again, the pressure of the white settlers who occupy the more fertile districts, and who, as the dominant race, enforce what they choose to consider their rights at the expense of the Indians, is of course more felt as population increases; and, thirdly, the Indians are becoming aware of their numerical strength, although happily they have not as yet appreciated the strength which union adds to numbers. The question involved is a serious one, not only to the local government and to Canada, but to England, which must be ultimately responsible that no unfair treatment should lead the Indians to take up arms in a cause which, to say the least of it, would have the appearance of being a just one. Happily, both the Canadian and the local governments appear to be aware of the importance of settling the points in dispute. Three commissioners are to be appointed conjointly by the two governments, who will visit the tribes or nations, and determine the extent and locality of their respective reserves. These reserves are to be determined, not by a fixed extent of acreage, but by the requirements and habits of each nation, and they will be increased or diminished according to the variations of the Indian population. The different modes of life of the tribes of the interior who possess horses and cattle, and those on

the seacoast who live by fishing, afford a reason for diverging from the plan in force in the older provinces of Canada, and for adopting a more elastic rule in dealing with their several claims. It is to be hoped that a liberal policy will be agreed upon, and that the scandal of Indian wars which has so long afflicted the frontiers of the United States, and which have even within the last few months been productive of so great disasters, may be averted from the Pacific, as it has hitherto been avoided in the Atlantic and central, provinces of the Dominion.

Meanwhile, the presence of the Earl of Dufferin in British Columbia, and his well-known interest in all that concerns the well-being of the Indian tribes, will exercise no unimportant influence over the local government, and will encourage those who regard this great question in a broader view than that presented by the merely temporary interest of a small community. It is in dealing with these and similar matters of more than local importance that the value of the influence of an English statesman, such as Lord Dufferin has proved himself to be, is likely to be felt; and if the result of his visit to British Columbia tends to a satisfactory settlement of the Indian difficulty, as well as the removal of some of the causes of friction between that distant province and the central government, he will have done much to further the true welfare of the Dominion, whose rule embraces so many nationalities with varying and often conflicting interests.

From Nature.

#### INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF AMERICANISTS.

LAST July there met in the city of Nancy a congress of a somewhat novel kind which, at the time, did not attract very much attention, but which, during its four days' sitting, did a considerable amount of work of varied value. This was the International Congress of Americanists, organized by a society recently formed in France under the designation "*La Société Américaine de France*." The society itself appears to be French, though the congresses are intended to be international in their character, and among those who were members of the last congress (though not necessarily present) were many eminent men belonging to all parts of the world. Among English names we notice those of Dr.

Birch, Mr. Charles Darwin, Mr. Franks, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. R. H. Major, Prof. Max Müller, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Trübner, and others. Delegates from various countries were present at the congress, and although most of the papers were by Frenchmen, still a fair proportion were by foreigners, chiefly Americans and Scandinavians. Two thick octavo volumes \* contain the proceedings of the congress.

The object of this French society in holding these congresses is to contribute to the progress of ethnographical, linguistic, and historical studies relative to the two Americas, especially for the times anterior to Christopher Columbus, and to bring into connection with each other persons who are interested in these studies. The subscription is only twelve francs, and the council is composed of a certain proportion of French and of foreign members. The president of the Nancy congress was the Baron de Dumast, but at each of the four *séances* for the reading of papers he very gracefully called to the chair a distinguished foreign member to preside over the day's proceedings. During the congress an interesting exhibition of objects relating to American ethnography and antiquities was held.

The subjects with which the congress dealt were divided into three sections—History, Ethnography, and Linguistics and Palæography, though, as might be surmised, many of the papers bore on all these subjects. Though the subjects were thus divided, the congress met as one body each day.

Such an international congress as this, it will be admitted, might do great service to science. The ethnography and prehistoric archaeology of America are of the highest importance; they are a prime factor in the great problem of the world's ethnography. If, then, an international American congress were based on well-defined principles, and if its work were conducted in accordance with the universally recognized rules of scientific method, it might give a powerful impulse to the progress of American ethnology in particular, and to ethnography in general. We shall briefly endeavor to give the reader an idea of the value of the contents of the two volumes before us.

Among the first papers is one of considerable length, by M. E. Beauvois, the purpose of which is to prove that the

\* *Congrès International des Américanistes. Comptes Rendus de la Première Session, Nancy, 1875.* (Paris, Ma. sonneuve et Cie.)

"Irland it mikla," or "Hvitramannaland" of the early Icelandic chroniclers, was a colony founded by Irish missionaries, apparently near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, long before even the Norseman knew anything of America. One cannot but admire the learning, ingenuity, and enthusiasm of M. Beauvois, but the verdict must be the Scotch one of "not proven," with a note that it was scarcely worth while calling together an international congress to listen to a paper of this kind.

This may be regarded as a type, and rather a favorable one, of a large number of the papers read at the Nancy congress, papers whose object was to show the intimate connection which in prehistoric times existed between the peoples of the Old World and those of the New. A paper by Prof. Paul Gaffarel of Dijon, for example, had for its object to show the great probability that the Phœnicians had found their way across the Atlantic to America, North and South, and that in various ways they left traces of their presence behind. This is a somewhat more sober paper than that of M. Beauvois, still the verdict must be essentially the same.

Of course the questions of Buddhists in America and of "Fu-Sang" got their share of attention, with the usual unsatisfactory result. Fortunately there were some solid men at the congress who were able to perceive the utter futility of discussions of this kind. M. de Rosny, for example, had frequent occasion to recall the attention of the congress to its main purpose, and to remind the members that while we knew comparatively so little of the American aborigines and of their remains, it was a waste of time and energy to discuss the civilization of any other country. "Our duty," he said, "is to establish formally, against all the crotchets which have hitherto infested the domain of Americanism, a method. Every hypothesis which is not based on certain proofs is of no scientific value;" and Dr. Dally justly remarked that there is no special "Americanist method," but that there is a scientific method, whose rules are quite sufficient for this new department of science. "No documents," Dr. Dally continued, "are adduced in support of these connections between the Old and the New Worlds; we must, therefore, provisionally consider them as non-existent. All the alleged analogies are only vain appearances. The presumptions are, on the contrary, against the hypotheses of an analogy or a filiation between the religions of

Mexico or of Peru and those of eastern Asia. The solution of the question is that the Americans are neither Indians, Phœnicians, Chinese, nor Europeans; they are Americans." "All these hypotheses," M. de Rosny remarked again, "of Asiatic influences in America are very piquant: it is the proof which is always wanting." What a pity a few men like M. de Rosny and Dr. Dally were not appointed beforehand to decide on what papers were deserving of the serious attention of the congress! However, wisdom comes by experience. The fairly moderate paper on Fu-Sang, by M. Lucien Adam, might have been admitted, as might also that of M. Gravier on the Deighton Rock inscription, but we are sure that all the papers thus admitted could have been published in one-third of the space of these two volumes.

M. Lévy-Bing brought much learning to bear on the Grave Creek inscription for the purpose of proving it to be Phœnician, with the usual unsatisfactory result, we are sure, on all unbiased listeners. Perhaps the most deliberate and cold-blooded attempt to prove an intimate connection between America and Old World civilization was made by Prof. Campbell, of the Theological College, Montreal, in his paper "The Traditions of the Ancient Races of Peru and Mexico identified with those of the Historical Peoples of the Old World." His object is to prove that the Peruvians and Mexicans had "their original home on the banks of the Nile, and that their traditions relate primarily to an early national existence either in Egypt or the neighboring region of Palestine;" and besides various other conclusions, "that there is the strongest reason for finding the affinities of the civilized races of ancient America, not among the Turanian or Semitic, but among the Aryan or Indo-European families of the world." This is rushing to a conclusion with a vengeance, and some of the more sober members of the congress had good reason to animadvert on the "haste to conclude" manifested by many of the Americanists, and the want of patience to wait for more light. An idea of the value of the "facts" on which Prof. Campbell builds his sweeping conclusions may be gathered from the following extracts: "Animal worship prevailed in Peru, and it is worthy of note that flies, called *cuspi* (a word of the same origin as the Semitic *zebug*, the Latin *vespa*, and the English *wasp*) were offered in sacrifice, thus recalling the *Baal-zebug* of the *Phili-sheth*." "In *Manco* I find



the first monarch of universal history, the Egyptian *Menes*, the Indian *Mennu*, the Greek *Minos*, the Phrygian *Manis*, the Lydian *Macon*, the German *Mannus*, the Welsh *Menev*, the Chinese *Ming-ti*, and the Algonquin *Manitou*" — and so on through endless ingenuities. Is not this comparative philology playing at "high jinks"? and is it not one more striking proof that to language alone in questions of ethnography is to trust to a chain of sand?

While the Baron de Bretton's paper on the origins of the peoples of America contains some suggestions of value, it also, like the one just mentioned, is disfigured by many etymological fantasies. It is quite legitimate to try to show that America may have been in part peopled from Europe, but to base such a theory on arguments like the following makes one almost despair of the progress of scientific method: "The first invaders from whom, according to the tradition of the Toltecs, that people were descended, were called *Tans*, *Dans* (Danes!). Their god, *Teoti*, strongly resembles linguistically the Greek *theos*, Latin *deus*," etc. The temples of this god were called *tescabli*, "a word which comes from Greek *theos* and Celtic *ca-cas*, house." A god, *Votan*, is probably *Wodin*, and *Thara*, *Thor-as* *Asa-thor*. *Azlan*, the supposed original home of the Aztecs, is, according to Baron de Bretton, evidently Scandinavian *Asaland*, country of the *Ases*, of the *Asiatics*, of the *Aztecs* themselves. What answer can be made to such etymological legerdemain?

The Abbé Petitot has been for many years a zealous missionary in the Athabasca-Mackenzie region of North America, and has made some valuable contributions to a knowledge of the geography of that region; not content with this, however, he is eager through the medium of language to prove the unity of origin of the human race. He argues that because certain North American Indian words have a more or less distant resemblance to Chinese, Malay, Tamil, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Japanese, German, English, etc., therefore all these are descended from one common stock. We shall give only one specimen of the abbé's easy-going com-

parisons: English *each*, he tells us, is the same word as Hebrew *isch*. He gives pages of this sort of thing. It is easily done; any ignoramus with the dictionary of a dozen different languages before him could do it. The "Tower of Babel" is the abbé's starting-point in tracing the diversities of human speech.

It seems to us a pity that the reputation of an international congress that might do much good should be endangered by puerilities such as those we have referred to. We hope that in this their first meeting the froth has come to the surface, and that in future meetings means will be taken to prevent middle-age word-puzzles being foisted on the congress.

The two volumes, however, contain some papers of real value; these we have space only to name. Prof. Luciano Cordeiro's (of Coimbra) paper on the part taken by the Portuguese in the discovery of America is of considerable interest, and shows great research. A paper by M. Paul Broca on two series of crania from ancient Indian sepulchres in the neighborhood of Bogota is a model of careful observation and reasoning. M. J. Ballet, of Guadaloupe, has a long memoir on the Caribs, full of information. A paper by M. Julien Vinson on the Basque language and the American languages is able and scholarly and cautious. He shows that in structure and grammar they have many points of resemblance, but that on this ground there is no reason whatever for concluding that they or their speakers have a common origin. Other papers of value are Dr. Cornilliac's on the anthropology of the Antilles, Mr. Francis A. Allen's on the origin of the primitive civilization of the New World, an elaborate paper, the result of great research, and M. Oscar Cometrant's paper on music in America before the discovery of Columbus.

On the whole, we cannot think that these two volumes show that this International Congress of Americanists has done much in furtherance of the object for which it met, and we shall look with interest for the results of the second congress, which will meet at Luxembourg in September, 1877.